

NATIONAL ANTHEMS

And Other Songs
of Freedom of the
Various Countries
of The World.

With a Foreword
by B. G. Horniman,
Editor-in-Chief, The
Indian National
Herald, Bombay.

Compiled by **R. K. PRABHU.**

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Dedicated

*To All Noble Souls of All Ages
and Climes Who Lived and Died
for The Freedom of Their
Motherland and
Humanity.*

FOREWORD.

Mr R K Prabhu has conceived the idea of collecting the chief national songs of the principal countries of the world and has asked me to write a foreword. His selection of anthems seems to be good and comprehensive. But I do not know that I can say the same of his selection of me to write a foreword. I am very poorly qualified as a judge of song and verse. I have reached an age when it doesn't matter much what one admits about oneself and I admit now that I find it very difficult to concentrate my attention on poetry or to remember a line of it immediately after reading it unless it is something tremendously pathetic very exciting or comic and grandy like *Bande Mataram* (1) King Henry's address to his troops (2) and Kipling's *Recessional* (3).

There is another reason why I feel that I am not really the right person to write the foreword for this volume. I have no doubt that some of the national songs of India included in this collection are beautiful in the language in which they were written. But when I am reading the English translation of most of them I feel like a fly that has been caught in treacle or syrup. I like a sip of syrup or even a number of sips but I am not equal to bathing in it.

My own opinion which I give for what it is worth—and in my opinion it's worth a good deal—is that India has not yet got a really national song of the kind that it ought to have. *Bande Mataram* is a beautiful poem both in the original medium

of Bengali and in the English translations. It is a wonderful description of the beauties of the Motherland. It glows with colour. The ecstasy of expression of love for the Mother is almost intoxicating. But though it speaks mightily of seventy million swords it does not leave one at the end on the march with waving sword in hand like the Marseillaise or the Battle Hymn of the Republic. And that is what a truly National Song ought to do.

So many of the Indian national songs in this book are in the form of a dirge or a lament. These have their place in the national psychology. Some of them are very beautiful. Mrs Naidu's "Eternal India" and "Awake," Muhammad Iqbal's "Hindustan Hamara," Virendranath Chattopadhyay's "To Hindustan"—to name only a few. But they do not stir the listener to be up and doing. Mrs Besant's "Wake Up India!" is anti climax. India is called to the fray with an inspiring lilt, but to the tune of "peace bells loudly pealing." "We can't win freedom and keep it like that. Nor is it to be won by singing about the Charkas—our Karma Dhenu the Cow of Boons." Somebody has yet to write the Song of Victory for India—the song that will call her to victory instead of urging her to morbid indulgence in dirging and lamenting.

And I hope that when the song is written someone will set it to a tune that will fittingly accompany a march to victory and that its singing on public occasions will not be left to half a dozen little girls or two little boys from an orphanage but made the occasion for a mighty chorus from a thousand throats—a mighty roar that will inspire

our hearts and stir our emotions for the doing of doughty deeds.

If the perusal of this collection of national songs of the world inspires the writing of such an anthem for the Indian nation it will do a great service to India. In the meanwhile, that apart, Mr. Prabhu has made a comprehensive compilation that offers an interesting study of national psychology and temperament. I do not know of any similar publication elsewhere and the collection is, I think, unique.

One thing that especially strikes one in reading these songs is, that, just as the best boy in the world is every mother's son, so the most beautiful country in the world, especially dedicated by God to be the home of the chosen people, is every man's native land. And that is as it should be.

B. G. HORNIMAN.

THE SOUL OF NATIONALISM.

Some for a gentle dream will die,
Some for an Empire's majesty,
Some for a loftier humankind,
Some to be free as cloud and wind,

..... A E

And whether all those human lives which burn with the brilliance of that flame of passion, temporarily lifted out of the mass of humanity and remote, unexplored nooks of obscurity to flicker past the stage of the world, are united into the one, supreme end of *Death* or merely outlive the transition of their various, noble vision and moments of inspiration, the alchemy of emotion and spiritual stimulus that turns common ore into the gold of divine splendour has but one, essential identity. It may have a variety of expression like the facets of a diamond or the petals of a flower, the most delicate, intimate cords of human heart invariably respond to its music, its fragrance overpowers all the senses of our soul, no barriers of race or language render its soft speech unintelligible or harsh to the sensitive ear of being. The encircling, surging waves kiss distant shores, controlled by an irresistible, lunar power that radiates from its consciousness.

We talk idly of the ideals of Nationalism and Internationalism and discourse, with the tiring patience and empty verbosity of the prig, on the conflict that these ideals produce, their incompatibility, the very impracticability of their conciliation each with the other. We love to dogmatize and and draw this, that and the other distinction

with a mathematical precision of rules and compliment ourselves on our powers of logical discrimination, our erudition and learning and our respect for the current, good coin of *cliches*

Yet life is one eternal flux of experience, we abandon ourselves to moods of being, at certain moments, it may be, when the strain of the formula produces its inevitable reaction. *Cliches* wear out like human bodies, their tyranny becomes intolerable and thought wanders with imagination, not content to walk the tiresome highway that a fool or set of fools had made, at some remote time, out of the wilderness of life. With the instinct of the Spirit of which Mr George Santayana speaks with the philosopher's insight and the poet's magic of intuition when he says that its home is the desert, the spirit of our thought tramps the mysterious bye ways of life. It's a happy tramp in search of beauty, love the twin principles of life that redeem humanity out of all sins, darkneses and bring out everything that is best, purest, noblest in human nature and bring it nearest to a proud divinity

Life is not stagnant, ideals, too, have a life of their own. They are just what humanity makes them, what the prophet and seer conceive with their gifted vision, and they decay with their basenesses and fresh ones are born to replace them. Whatever is permanent, noble, in them, however, lives and is born anew and there is not an eternity we know of that does not yield to human memory an antiquity worthy of pride. Dead civilizations and literatures if they possessed any real greatness or nobility at all, do not really perish, if they did,

indeed, we would not have the heritage of culture that we actually have had today

Do we know what is the ideal of Nationalism or of Internationalism either, that could be acceptable to the greatest spirits of our age? Was it approved by Socrates or Plotinus or Plato, who were free citizens of the world but who were not scoffers and whose love for an unknown, unapproachable (through physical senses, at any rate), world humanity was not marred by the equally pure, great love for humanity that lived and moved in the State of their domicile? Need we deprecate patriotism as a narrow, ignoble ideal that makes other nations and a larger humanity institutions of aliens and strangers? Should it not rather embody for us an ideal of Internationalism demanding from us the same consideration for the *now* and *here* of common nationality which we protest vehemently and unnecessarily (one cannot help remarking) we entertain for the *then* and *there* of other nationalities and peoples?

There is no reason in the world why harmony and *not* conflict should exist between these two 'isms since they emanate from one and the same source of love, love that knows no boundaries and revolts against all tyranny of limit. If the image of my country were as noble as Plato's greatest dream (and I should never be content with anything less) it would sadden my soul to think of any other country on the face of the earth which lived in bondage or unhappiness or poverty and would further tarnish that beautiful image and make me share the shame of that other, unhappy country. Or else, my love for my country would be worthy of a slave, the apparent freedom of my country

would be transformed into the mocking gold chain of slavery

How could, then, that horrid phrase 'my country right or wrong' stand for an expression of Patriotism which is one of the noblest passions that move the human heart to achieve the impossibility of approaching difficult divinity? Slaves, in their unthinkable baseness, coined that phrase of blasphemy. One shudders to utter it, it is an outrage against patriotism, against civilization, humanity, against everything, indeed, one regards as holy and beautiful and pure. My country which is and shall ever remain a free man's country *must* remain right, whatever happens or it is *not* my country at all, I should be ashamed to call it *my* country—that is one's instinctive thought when that phrase of human shame is uttered in all its nudity of human bestiality. Why do we love to read national songs and anthems of peoples who happen to acknowledge no physical kinship with us, with a secret ecstasy and love? There are many such beautiful songs which send a thrill of joy (even slaves have souls which are denied to slave drivers) and we sigh with grief when the song of a glad, proud heart invokes consciousness of our own slavery and shame. Can we analyse the emotional, spiritual process which establishes kinship between the Gaelic exile out of his country and the Indian exile in his own? Why do we hang down our heads in shame and join in Mr Kipling's terrible invocation

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

and mutter to ourselves "Empire's majesty" "Empire's majesty" "what majesty!"? And we beat to the tune of "Marseillaise" and other Communist songs with a new vigour in spontaneous response to the slave's heart beats. Who called these beautiful songs hymns of hate, were they slaves like us? It's the triumphal glad cry of a young *proletariate* and we fall under the spell of its pure emotion. It's a sacred song of Liberty, Hope and Vision of a new world purged of all its impurities and sins of other days. Prometheus unbound would be proud to sing it and shout out its note of joyous greetings over seas and continents. They are international songs, but they are nothing if not national, because they make nations of free citizens feel alive.

CYRUS

A GARLAND OF THANKS.

My object in publishing this brochure is to place in the hands of my countrymen, and especially in those of the youth of India, a bouquet of the patriotic songs of all nations, so that they may be enabled to get an idea of the nature of the feelings which the love of the Motherland has inspired in the hearts of men and women all the world over.

I am not unconscious of the fact that the present compilation suffers from incompleteness inasmuch as the national songs of countries like Portugal, Spain, Holland, Turkey, Persia and the various South-American republics, as well as the beautiful patriotic songs written in the various languages of India by well known poets like Subramanya Bharati, Tekade, Nanatal Kavi, and so on, do not figure in this collection. I tried my best to secure authentic English translations of such songs, but, unfortunately, I have not yet succeeded, I hope to include them in a future edition of this work.

In the compilation I have received the kind help of more than one friend and the generous courtesy of several Indian authors, without which the publication of a work of this nature would have been impossible. I have to tender my sincere thanks to Srimati Sarojini Naidu, Dr. Annie Besant, Srimati Saraladevi Chaudhurani, Sadhu T.L. Vaswani, Mr. C. F. Andrews, Sir Muhammad Iqbal and Shriyut Harindranath Chattopadhyaya for kindly waiving the copyright of their songs included in this collection.

I am also indebted to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Dr. J. H. Cousins, Syt. Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, Miss Rahima Tycbjj, Syed A. Rafique and other authors for their poems

to the Rev J C Winslow of the Christa Seva Sangha and Mr D N. Tilak for their kind permission to publish the English translations of two of the patriotic songs of the Rev. N V. Tilak, to Mr Rustom K Irani for his English rendering of the Afghan National Anthem, to the Acting Consuls of Czechoslovakia and Sweden in Bombay, for kindly supplying me with the English translations of the national anthems of their countries, to my friends Messrs M Govind Pai, V M Dubhashe and "Cyrus" of the "Herald" fame for their translations of the songs of Sir Md Iqbal Pandit Sridhar Pathak and Rev N V Tilak respectively, to Mr G K Nariman for his helpful advice and to "Cyrus" once again not only for his fine exposition of the "Soul of Nationalism," which forms the introduction to the present work, but also for his constant help in the collection of the songs and in various other directions in the preparation of this brochure

My especial thanks are due to my dear "Chief," Mr B G Horniman, for his highly suggestive "Foreword." There can be no doubt, as he observes, that India has yet to produce a real National Anthem the singing of which 'will not be left to half a dozen little girls or two little boys from an orphanage but made an occasion for a mighty chorus from a thousand throats—a mighty roar that will inspire our hearts and stir our emotions for the doing of doughty deeds"

If my present humble effort contributes in any way to the evolution of such a truly inspiring National Anthem I shall feel amply compensated.

R. K. P.

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INDIAN NATIONAL SONGS.

BANDE MATARAM

(1)

Mother I bow to thee !
Rich with thy hurrying streams,
Bright with thy orchard gleams,
Cool with thy winds of delight,
Dark fields waving, Mother of Might,
Mother free
Glory of moonlight dreams,
Over thy branches and lordly streams,
Clad in thy blossoming trees,
Mother, giver of ease,
Laughing low and sweet !
Mother, I kiss thy feet,
Speaker sweet and low !
Mother, to thee I bow.
Who hath said thou art weak in thy lands,
When the swords flash out in seventy million hands
And seventy million voices roar
Thy dreadful name from shore to shore ?
With many strengths who art mighty and stored
To thee I call, Mother and Lord !
Thou who savest, arise and save !
To her I cry who ever her fomen drove
Back from plain and sea
And shook herself free
Thou art wisdom, thou art law,
Thou our heart, our soul, our breath,
Thou the love divine, the awe
In our hearts that conquers death

Thine the strength that nerves the arm,
 Thine the beauty, thine the charm.
 Every image made divine
 In our temples is but thine
 Thou art Durga, Lady and Queen,
 With her hands that strike and her swords of sheen.
 Thou art Lakshmi lotus-throned
 And the Muse a hundred-toned
 Pure and perfect without peer
 Mother, lend thine ear.

Rich with thy hurrying streams,
 Bright with thy orchard gleams,
 Dark of hue, O candid fair
 In thy soul, with jewelled hair
 And thy glorious smile divine,
 Loveliest of all earthly lands,
~~Showering a wealth of flowers on all who seek thy hand,~~
 Mother, Mother, mine!
 Mother sweet, I bow to thee,
 Mother great and free!

—*Bankim Chandra Chatterji,*
 (Translated by Sri Aurobindo Ghose).

BANDE MATARAM.

(2)

My Motherland I sing,
 Her splendid streams, her glorious trees,
 The zephyr from the far-off Vindhyan heights,
 Her fields of waving corn,
 The rapturous radiance of her moonlit nights,
 The trees in flower that sweetly vocal are,
 The happy blessed Motherland;
 Her will by seventy million throats extolled,
 Her power twice seventy million arms upheld,
 Her strength let no man scorn.

Thou art my head, thou art my heart,
 My life and soul art thou,
 My soul, my worship and my art .
 Before thy feet I bow.
 As Durga, scourge of all thy foes,
 As Lakshmi, bowered in the flower
 That in the water grows ,
 As Vam, wisdom, power,
 The source of all our might,
 Our every temple doth thy form enfold,
 Unequalled, tender, happy, pure.
 Of splendid streams, of glorious trees,
 My Motherland I sing.
 The stainless charms that e'er endure ;
 And verdant banks and wholesome breeze,
 That with her praises ring

—*Bankim Chandra Chatterji.*

(Translated by Mr. Lee, I. C. S.)

MOTHER INDIA

O Young through all thy immemorial years !
 Rise, Mother, rise, regenerate from thy gloom,
 And like a bride high-mated with the spheres,
 Beget new glories from thy ageless womb !
 The nations that in fettered darkness weep
 Crave thee to lead them where great mornings
 break,

Mother, O Mother, wherefore dost thou sleep !
 Arise and answer for thy children's sake !
 Thy future calls thee with a manifold sound
 To crescent honours, splendours, victories vast
 Waken, O slumbering Mother and be crowned
 Who once were Empress of the Sovereign Past

—*Sarojini Naidu,*

Lo ! we would thrill the high stars with thy story,
 And set thee again in the forefront of glory.
 Hindus :—Mother ! the flowers of our worship
 have crowned thee !
 Parsees :—Mother ! the flame of our hope shall
 surround thee !
 Mussalmans :—Mother ! the sword of our love
 defend thee !
 Christians :—Mother ! the song of our faith shall
 attend thee !
 All Creeds :—Shall not our dauntless devotion
 aval thee ? Hear ! O queen and
 O goddess, we hail thee !
 —Sarojini Naidu.

MY CHARMING MOTHERLAND

O thou, who art the world's delight,
 Motherland of our ancestors
 Whose lands with solar rays are bright !
 Thy feet the blue sea waters lave,
 Thy verdant robes the breezes wave !
 Thy brow Himalaya mount
 Crown'd with its snows of purest white
 The day first dawns within thy skies,
 The Vedic hymns first here took rise,
 Poesy, wisdom, stories, creeds,
 In thy woodlands first saw the light
 Everlasting is thy renown
 Who feed'st the world and feedst thy own,
 The Jumna and the Ganges sweet
 Carry thy mercy day and night

—Rabindranath Tagore

THE MORNING SONG OF INDIA

Thou art the ruler of the minds of all people dis-
 penser of India's destiny
 Thy name rouses the hearts of the Punjab Sindh
 Gujarat and Maratha of the Dravid and Orissa
 and Bengal
 It echoes in the hills of the Vindhya and Himala-
 ya mingles in the music of the Jamna and
 Ganges and is chanted by the waves of the
 Indian sea
 They pray for thy blessing and sing thy praise
 The saving of all people waits in thy hand
 thou dispenser of India's destiny
 Victory victory victory to thee
 Day and night thy voice goes out from land to
 land calling the Hindus Buddhists Sikhs and
 Jains round thy throne and the Parsis Mus-
 salmans and Christians
 The East and the West join hands in their prayer
 to thee and the garland of love is woven
 Thou bringest the hearts of all people into the
 harmony of one life thou dispenser of India's
 destiny
 Victory victory victory to thee !
 The procession of pilgrims passes over the endless
 road rugged with the ice and fall of nations
 And it resounds with the thunder of thy wheels
 Eternal Charioteer !
 Through the dire days of doom thy trumpet so loud
 and men are led by thee across death
 Thy finger points the path to all people O dispen-
 ser of India's destiny !
 Victory victory victory to thee !

The darknes was dense and deep was the night
 My country lay in a deathlike silence of swoon
 But thy mother-arms were round her, and thine
 eyes gazed upon her troubled face in sleepless
 love through her hours of ghastly dreams
 Thou art the companion and the saviour of the
 people in their sorrows, thou dispenser of
 India's destiny!

Victory, victory, victory to thee!

The night fades, the light breaks over the peaks of
 the eastern hills, the birds begin to sing and
 the morning breeze carries the breath of new
 life

The rays of thy mercy have touched the waking
 land with their blessings

Victory to thee, King of kings, Victory to thee,
 dispenser of India's destiny!

Victory, victory, victory to thee!

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

WAKE UP, INDIA

Hark! the tramp of marching numbers,
 India waking from her slumbers,

 Calls us to the fray

Not with weapons slaughter dealing

Not with blood her triumph sealing;

But with peace bells loudly pealing

 Dawns her Freedom's Day,

Justice is her buckler stainless

Argument her rapier painless,

Truth her pointed lance

Hark! her song to Heaven ringing,

Hatreds all behind her flinging
 Peace and joy to all she is bringing
 Love her shining gladsome

Mother, Dear! all victorious
 Thou hast seen a vision glorious
 Dreamt of Liberty

Now the vision has its ending
 In the truth, all dreams transcending
 Hope and fact together blending
 Free! from sea to sea

By thy plains and snow clad mountains
 By thy streams and rushing fountains
 By Himalayan heights
 By the past of splendid story
 By the hopes of future glory
 By the strength of wisdom hours
 Claim thy sacred Rights

—*Annie Besant*

HINDUSTAN HAVARA

In all wide universe
 Our Ind the fairest far
 Her millions we are
 And she the rose gardenous

Although in chains divers
 Our hearts are yet with her
 know we are united but there—
 Whither tend these hearts of ours

The peak that loftiest towers
 And doth in heavens dwell—
 That is our sentinel
 'Tis tireless watchman ours

In her lap a thousand rivers
 They play so light and lovely.
 E'en realms of Paradise envy
 The breath of this garden of ours.

O Gaugai's rolling course,
 Rememb'rest thou the day,
 When came on thy shores to stay
 Full caravan of ours?

No creed to teach endeavours
 Each other to hate or strike,
 We're Indians all alike—
 Dear Ind is sweet home ours

Greece, Egypt, Rome--great powers,
 In story but survive,
 But the name and fame still thrive
 Of dear old Ind of ours

'Tis secret none discovers
 Why we are as we were,
 In tides that nothing spare,
 Though countless foes be ours

Iqbal, in this world scarce
 A confidant we have seen.
 Who knoweth ever the keen
 And silent pain of ours.

—*Shaikh Muhammad Iqbal*,
 (Translated by M. Govind Patil)

HAIL! HINDUSTAN!

Sing, O my Muse, recall our ancient glory,
 Sing thou, sing Hindustan!
 Inspire this throng with soul-bestirring glory,

Sing now sing Hindustan !
 Let valor bright breathe in the very name
 Instill into thy song past wealth and fame
 Bengal Madras Bombay and Rajputana !
 Hindu Parsce Sikh Christian Mussalman

Let every voice in concord ring
 In every tongue the burden sing
 All hail to Hindustan !
 Hara Hara Hara - hail Hindustan
 Dadar Hormuzd - Hindustan !
 Flah Al bar - Hindustan !
 All hail to Hindustan !

(Chorus)

Sing O my Muse, defeat all party strife
 Sing thou sing Hindustan !
 Giver of strength and power giver of life
 Sing now sing Hindustan !
 In joy and sorrow let us not be parted
 In aim and effort make us single hearted

(Chorus)

Sing O my Muse arouse the people's heart
 Sing thou sing Hindustan !
 Maker of mighty nation that thou art
 Sing now Sing Hindustan !
 Uplift the flag of ENERGY on high
 And let stern DUTY sound her bugle cry

(Chorus)

— Sarvadani Chatterji

TO HINDUSTHAN

Mother of Men that once were free
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

What grief hath now befallen thee,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Trailors have sold thee to the foe,
And brought upon thee shame and woe,
Yes, thine own sons have laid thee low,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Gone are thy sages, famed of yore,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !
Gone, too, thy race of warriors bold,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Gone are thy fields of waving corn,
Nothing grows now but weed and thorn
And none but hungry slaves are born,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

* * * *

I crave nor gold nor marble bust,
But with my blood to cleanse thy dust
Polluted by the alien's lust,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Despair not of my little worth,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !
Was it not thou that gave me birth
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

My love for thee a quenchless flame
Will cleanse me from all sin and shame
And make me worthy of thy name,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Mine not the wish to see thee free,
I only long to die and be
Foundation of thy liberty,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

Call me to sleep on thy pure breast,
Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

For thee alone is peace and rest,
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !
 Take now my soul, all, all is thine
 To die for thee is joy divine,
 I grudge thee nothing Country Mine,
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

* * * *

Bear me a thousand times again
 A thousand times my blood I'll drain
 Till thou art rescued from thy pain,
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !
 And when the war is fought and won
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !
 And risen is thy glorious son,
 Oh Hindusthan ! My Hindusthan !

—Virendranath Chattopadhyaya

SONS OF INDIA

Sons of India ! sing the glory
 Of the land that gave you birth
 Sing with heart and soul accorded
 Of her greatness and her worth
 Matchless is this land of ours !
 Whither is the mount so high
 That like proud Himalya towers
 Till its summits cleave the sky !
 Fruitful is her soil and fertile,
 Sacred are her rivers broad,
 Countless are her precious mines
 With jewels rare and riches stored
 Hail to India ! Sing her praises,
 Fill her heart with hope and joy,
 May she win the crown of glory,
 Sing, Sing, ' Bharatara Joy ! '
 (Chorus)

Loyal are her lowly daughters,
 • Peerless they beyond compare,
 Sharmistha, Savitri, Seeta,
 Dimiyanti, true and fair.
 (Chorus)

Vashistha, Gautama, Atri,
 Holy saints by all revered,
 Vishwamitra too and Bhṛigu
 These the sons this land has reared

Birds illustrious here have flourished,
 None their genius can surpass,
 Valmiki and Vedvyaṣṭ
 Bhṛishabha, Kishka
 (Chorus)

Bear ye not in mind the memory
 Of our warriors, brave and bold,
 Bhishma, Drona, Bhicmarjuna,
 Prithwiraja true and bold ?
 Mighty bulwarks of their country,
 Sternly they repressed all wrong,
 Of their enemies the terror,
 Of the weak protectors strong.
 (Chorus)

Fear not friends, be brave and hopeful
 Let not grief your hearts o'ercast,
 Courage, courage ! know that ever
 Righteous valour triumphs at last.

Saved we are weak and helpless,
 Unity our strength will prove,
 Let us join in earning glory
 For the motherland we love
 (Chorus)

—Satyendra Nath Tagore

INDIA THE MOTHER

India the Mother of singers and sages
 Mother of Nations Mother of me!
 Thou dost awake from the slumber of ages
 Hailing the Day of the Tree

Once again onward

Go thy feet downward

Lo the glad signal is broad in the sky

Scatters thy night time

Now comes thy light time

Ula Mata Hail

What though the Philistine proud in his power

Heathen and heathen have named thee in scorn

Thou didst abide in the dream of an hour

Wherein thy Truth should be born

Thou through derision

Cherished thy vision—

Cod unto Man Earth to Heaven brought with

Sanctified beauty

Dignified duty

Ula Mata Hail

Wide is thine empire of thought and devotion

Wide as the hope and the hunger of Man

Thou hast all, mine from ocean to ocean

Pilgrims from Spain and Japan

Lofty and lowly

Count thy soil holy

Thou hast a Kingdom no treachery could

Thou dost inherit

Realms of the spirit

Ula Mata Hail

Thou hast no need for the weapons of terror

Wielder of Wisdom armoured in Love!

Thou on the conflicts of passion and error
 I rest the breast of the dove

Now the steel Nations

Thy ministrations

Call for and nought shall thy service deny

Nothing may bind thee

That all may find thee

Bharata Mata ki jai!

We who, though born of thy body, O Mother!

Sinned against thee in the days that are done

Break now the bondage of sister and brother

See! at thy feet we are one

Tamil or Sindhi

We are all Indian

Woman and man with free hand lifted high

We in this mirth tune

Hail thy new birth time

Mamata Mata ki jai!

—J. H. Conway

THE MOTHERLAND

THE VOICE OF THE MOUNTAINS

To our starry heights we call you where the pure
 white fields of snow

Touch the azure vault of heaven far above
 the dusty heat

Down below the air is stifling come and breathe
 of our free spirit

O ye Leaders of the People

THE VOICE OF THE FORESTS

To our forest glades we call you where the brood
 of Eastern sages

With the birds and beasts around them, prayed
 and fasted, pondering deep
 Over things divine and human: learn of us high
 thought and purpose,
 O ye Leaders of the People.

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT

To our desert tracts we call you, where in solitude
 and awe
 Man is mute beneath the sky, and earth is
 hushed and God is near.
 Far away is noise and tumult: come and learn of
 us in silence,
 O ye Leaders of the People.

THE VOICE OF THE SEAS.

To our sounding shore we call you, where the
 waves are ever breaking,
 And the foam leaps up and sparkles in the
 joyousness of strife,
 Driven backward yet advancing: come and breathe
 of our brave spirit,
 O ye Leaders of the People

THE VOICE OF THE PLAINS

To our sunny plains we call you, shimmering in
 the summer heat,
 Where the simple village people till the field
 and tend the herd.
 Patient, poor and uncomplaining: come and learn
 our calm endurance,
 O ye Leaders of the People

THE VOICE OF THE RIVERS

To our sacred banks we call you, where the slow
and stately waters
Tell of age long self outpouring on the dry
and thirsty ground.
Where we flow not, all is barren: drink of our
life-yielding spirit,
O ye Leaders of the People

THE VOICE OF THE CITIZENS

To our ancient halls we call you, where your
fathers lived and ruled,
Kasi with its seats of learning, royal Agra,
fair Lucknow,
Old Prayag, imperial Delhi, come and learn your
nation's greatness,
O ye Leaders of the People

THE VOICE OF THE MOTHERLAND

It is I, your Mother, call you, by the snows and
by the forests,
By the silence of my deserts, by the toiling of
my plains,
By my cities, seas and rivers live and die for
me, your Mother,
O ye Leaders of the People

—C. F. Andrews

HYMN OF UNREST

Saviour of the Nations ! Spirit of the Ancient
Days !
The daily agony of the millions with starvation
striped

In a Land where Nature scatters with a generous
 hand,
 The daily suffering of our stately men for this
 blessed crime
 That against Cesar's will they choose the Law of
 Christ,
 The daily tragedy of a People who will not spurn
 their Mother,
 —How long will it be thus, how long
 Redeemer of the Race?
 Remember, Lord! Our martyred men and all who
 died in witness of their faith,
 And even in death dreamt of the Sacrificial Deed
 and Liberty's Day!
 Listen to the language of our tears, to silent suf-
 ferings of the Land
 And hear the voices of our hills and streams, our
 woods and village homes!
 Bowed down with Poverty and Pain,
 Thy people fallen have not failed,
 For still the Struggle grows and men march
 singing to the jail,
 And sure as the Sun will never set in East the Na-
 tion will not fail,
 As long as in the Nation's Youth remain some
 sparks of the Ancient Flame
 Bring back, O Lord! the days of Simple Life, of
 village plenty, Health and Faith,
 Bring back the music of the Spinning Wheel, and
 bless the Struggle of these days,
 That we of many faiths and creeds may stand to-
 gether in Thy sight
 And guard India's right for Thy Kingdom that is
 to come.

MY MOTHERLAND.

O my Banga, O my Mother, O my Nurse, O Coun-
try mine !

Why dishevelled are thy tresses, lustreless thy
look divine ?

For thy seat this lowly dust, for raiment thy tat-
tered gear,

When thy seventy million children call thee fondly
" Mother dear "

Chorus

There's no pain and there's no shame and there's
no grief, no sorrow's brand,

When the seventy million voices sing in chorus
" Motherland."

Here arose Lord Buddha Great who opened
Nirvana's gates above,

Half the world still knell before Him worshipping
in fervent love.

King Asoka spread his deeds from Kandahar to
th' azure main

Art thou not their country, Mother? of these gods
the holy fane ?

Once thy great victorious army conquered Lanka
with such ease,

Once thy ships sailed freely o'er the waters of the
eastern seas,

Once thy sons o'er Cheen, Japan and Tibet led
their learned lore

Is it thus and is it thou in rags and weeping ever-
more ?

Here the sky with Nuru's Kirtan with mridanga's
music rang,

Raghu wrote his learned logic, Chandidasa sweetly
 sang,
 Bravely fought Pratapaditya. Blessed be thy
 Mother's name,
 Blessed are we, if some drops of blood of theirs
 we still can claim

Though thy light Divine has vanished, and the day
 is dark as night,
 Clouds will pass away, and glory shone in lustre
 fresh and bright
 Men are we, and not mere sheep, we will revive
 thy glory grand,
 O my Goddess, O my life's goal, O my Heaven,
 my Motherland.

—D. L. Roy (Translated by B C Mazumdar)

TO THE MOTHER SPIRIT OF INDIA

Oh, rise! my own, my own enchanting land!
 Where mighty Ram his fihal duties filled,
 Sylvan Shakuntla found her fiery way
 To heart Imperial, and Padmavati.....
 Gave a heart all willing to mounting flames,
 And moved to place amid th' eternal names.

High in true greatness, ever noble land!
 Thrice nobler yet by love and duty made,
 As when thy streams of truer colour ran
 Mingled with gallant chivalries' votive blood,
 Or when in justice Muslim sovereigns reigned
 Shining resplendence on serene domains

Stir then, and rise, Spirit of Bharat come
 And all our hearts in selfless love unite
 And lead us forth upon the weary road
 Of toil for future generation's sacred might

Ye Hindus wise ye Muslims brave, oh male
 One common cause for common country's sake
 know ye not yet? Your very flesh and bone
 By that same mother India both were given
 And given too the spirit that ye breathe
 Deluded children! How can ye delight
 To wound each other with such tearing rage
 At ev'ry blow your tortured mother bleeds

Cease oh cease, Brahma bids you cease
 And from strife suicidal joyful turn
 Your forces wildly spent Oh set your gaze
 Upon the future goal With main and might
 United work and work to deserve and gain
 Freedom your own give your own birth right
 —Syeed A. Rafique

MY MOTHERLAND

Bread shall I eat and rags shall I wear for the sake
 of thy love, my Motherland, and I shall throw
 in the dust all that passes for glory and hap-
 piness

Sooner or later my soul must quit this mortal
 house and go but has death power to take me
 away from thee? Thou knowest he has not
 To be born of thee—how blessed is the privi-
 lege Who is there to rob me of it? Is there
 any robber so daring? Time? Death?
 No, none.

That, rising upwards, curl in smoky strands
 Towards that throne from which God justice deals
 The vaunted peace and order foreign rule
 Has brought into this land has made us slaves
 And in the wilds of this terrestrial globe
 We roam as cattle scorned, insulted spurned !
 What is this comfort, law and order? What
 This peace, that in its slavish chains doth bind
 The heart, the soul the mind of Hindustan ?
 So helpless are we, oh, as poor, so weak,
 That for a piece of cloth to cover our dead
 We needs must turn to other lands, oh, shame !
 Alas alas our Greatness, where art thou?
 Lost in the dust ? Our freedom sold for chains
 Of brass, that in our slavish ignorance
 We do mistake for gold ! Ah ! now the cage
 Wherein so long we fluttered, 'prisoned birds
 Is flung wide open ! But ah woe is me
 Where is the strength in our enfeebled wings
 To soar into that liberty we crave
 For which we hunger thirst, we pine, we die ?

—*Rithma Tyabji*

TO THE AWAKENED INDIA

Once more awake !

I or sleep it was not death to bring thee life
 Anew, and rest to lotus eyes for visions
 During yet, the world in need awaits O Truth !
 No death for thee !

Resume thy march,

With gentle feet that would not break the
 Peaceful rest, even of the road side dust
 That lies so low Yet strong and steady

And tell the world—

Awake, wise dream no more!

This is the land of dreams where karma
Weaves unthreaded garlands with our thoughts
Of flowers sweet or noxious — and none
Has root or stem being born in naught which
The softest breath of Truth drives back to
Primal nothingness. Be bold and face
the Truth. Be one with it! Let visions cease
Or, if you cannot dream then truer dreams
Which are I eternal Love and Service I see

Thou hast worshipped Truth and Love!
 Thou hast thrown up Supermen!
 Thou hast stood the Ages' stormst
 The nations' home—Thou canst not die!
 Janmabhum! Punyabhum!

—T. L. Vasanam.

BEHOLD THE MOTHER!

India!

Once didst thou shine like morning stars,
 And thy light was upon the paths of nations in
 the night!
 The Ancient Glory? Where is it! Oh where?
 Where are the kshatriya-souls of old?
 The warriors of the Spirit, where?
 The men that sought no gains but Sacrifice?
 No riches but Redemption, wisdom, love?

Where are the Dreamers of the ancient day?
 And Sages Prophets of the inner Light?
 And Supermen of action flung into Sacrifice!
 And Singers of the Secret that is God?
 And Leaders great who sought the service of the
 poor
 And not the tinsel of a titled greatness nor the
 emptiness of crowds' applause
 And where, O where, are they the Youth that dared
 in strength of faith
 To offer all as gifts of Love at Krishna's Lotus
 Feet?

Will India be defeated long?
 It cannot be! For India's bondage is the World's!

And till this ancient nation stand erect, a nation of
the Free,
Wounded still must be the Heart of Humanity.
Courage! Comrades! Courage! Sons and daughters
of the sages of the East!
I see Her re arise! I see Her with the Healing
Flames!
I see Her out again with Atma shakti of the Rishis
and the Gods!
I see Her break the chains,—a Queen again 'mid
nations of the Morn!
—T. I. Vasuam

BELOVED HINDUSTHAN

Where on earth can you find a beloved land like
Hindusthan? Dearest of all lands, our Hindus-
thian!

On her the loving God ever showers love in a
thousand ways and she is justly proud of this
grace. Our Motherland, loving, sweet and
kind where on earth can you find a beloved
land like Hindusthan? Dearest of all lands, our
Hindusthan!

Where the stream of religion flows, where paths
of duty shine, where the flame of devotion
burns and sacrifice is life's goal where free-
dom and selflessness reign—where on earth
can you find a beloved land like Hindusthan?
Dearest of all lands, our Hindusthan!

The yet child of Heavenly Father, the loving babe
of Mother Nature, the very embodiment of
all that is auspicious, resplendent, beautiful
and bounteous, whom even gods adore, where

on earth can you find a beloved land like
Hindusthan ! Dearest of all lands, our Hindu
sthan !

May we her servants warlike prove strong fearless,
bold and true ! May we her sorrows remove,
ever keep her free from pain, consecrating our
body, soul and mind ! Where on earth can
you find a beloved land like Hindusthan !
Dearest of all lands our Hindusthan !

—*Shridhar Pathak*

(Freely rendered into English by

V M Dubhashe from the author's Hindi song)

BELOVED HINDUSTHAN

Beloved Hindusthan,
Our own beloved Hindusthan !
She is ornament of the globe incomparable
fount of all pleasures,
Delightful abode of our pride of our glory
Oh Motherland ! We can but put ourselves on all
at thy feet,
Incomparable are thy kindnesses,
And never could we, wealings hope to repay
them
Thy face is pleasant immeasurably eternally beau-
tiful,
And thou fillest the place in our reverence of both
mother and father

—*Varayan Vaman Tilak*

(Translated by 'Carns' from the author's
Marathi song)

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS ANTHEM

Ye sons of noble India!
 With heart and soul unite
 And sing aloud her praises
 Extol her boundless might

There is no land like India
 No mount like hers so high—
 For none but great Himadri
 Can touch the lofty sky
 O holy land of Ganga!
 Thy fields are ever green
 With priceless jewels resplendent,
 Thou rulest the world O Queen!

(Chorus)

We hail thee dear old India!
 We hail thee Motherland!
 And singing forth thy praises
 We all united stand

O Land of mighty heroes!
 O mother of mighty men!
 The darksome night that clouds thee
 Shall turn to light again

For this our world is fleeting
 No darkness long can stay
 Look up! the shining Surya
 Proclaims the dawn of day

(Chorus)

O land of righteous Rama!
 Karnatak! Coorg! Sindh
 O Land of five great rivers!
 O Malva heart of Hind

O Land of Central India!
 Bengal and Burma fair!
 O glorious Land of Gojars!
 With whom shall I compare?

Madras! Ma (ha) rashtra! Sorathi
 And Rajputana great!
 Ye all have done your duty,
 In lifting national weight.
 (Chorus)

Ye Hindu! Jain and Moslem!
 Ye Parsi! Jew! Buddhist!
 Ye Christian! Sikh and Brahmo!
 Ye children of the East!

Stretch forth your arms in friendship,
 And greet your countrymen,
 For 'tis the blood of India
 That runs through every vein.
 (Chorus)

But lo! our dear old India
 How sunken is her state!
 Her children die by thousands—
 O what a horrible fate!

Be up! ye sons of India!
 And pray for help to God
 Perform your yearly Yatra
 To National Synod

And purified by Congress,
 Keep up your spirits high,

And save our dear old India,
And raise a joyous cry!
(Chorus)

Arise ! ye sons of India!
Be just and fear naught.
Stand up and serve your country
And glorious is your lot—

For so proclaim Shastras
'Where duty is the goal,
'There victory must follow
'To crown the glorious soul.'

But if we are divided,
There surely lies our fall;
In Union lies our safety,
As known to each and all.

'Then up! United India!
And make your country bright,
In doing one's own Duty *
'There shan't be fear or fright.
(Chorus.)

A CHARKA-SONG

The Charka is our weapon, lo! our weapon,
By its aid we shall win...
O brothers! the Charka is our Kama Dhenu, the
Cow of Boons...
And the yarn is the stream of her milk so pure
and fresh.
O listen, listen with the heart to the tune of the
Charka.

It is the one-stringed lyre of life
 The Charka is a lamp, and the yarn its wick.
 O way-lost traveller! wake up its flame...
 Hearing the whirling resonance of the Charka
 From age to age, sun and moon and star dance in
 rapture
 If the house has any ornament at all it is the
 Charka,
 And lo, it is dearer than life itself.
 In the boat of Charka sail and sail continually,
 If you desire to reach the shore of peace.
 —*Harindranath Chattopadhyaya*

THE CHARKHA

Spin, spin, a nation is waking
 A fresh dawn is breaking, a new day is born.
 Weave, weave, Arya Varta is waiting
 For garments of homespun to greet the new morn
 Spin for the starving who are not yet dead,
 For the life of the Motherland hangs by a thread.
 Weave the bright web of a future so great
 The world will allow that man weaves his own
 fate—
 Spin, spin, to the naked, give clothing,
 Food to the hungry, wheels to the poor.
 Work, work, all idleness loathing,
 For only by spinning, our lives we insure
 Chant, chant, that religion is spinning,
 Our work, a glad penance to keep the heart pure
 Spin, spin, pay for past sinning.
 • Earn by the CHARKHA deliverance and cure.

A hum is the hovel the dwelling the mosque
 For pariah, brahman and mullah a tryst
 A hum is the school every child keeps pace
 With the effort to free his down-trodden race—

Hum hum as the bee keeps on humming
 And gather the cotton as honey from flowers
 Store store it in cloth which keeps coming
 Until crowned by thrift we eclipse the next
 powers.

Spin spin a nation is winning
 Its freedom by spinning its place among men
 Spin spin our women are singing
 The CHARKHA is needed above sword or
 pen

The Goddess of Liberty sits at the wheel
 And substitutes spinning for bullets of steel
 She smiles that the living continue to weave
 And women and children have no cause to
 grieve—

Spin spin a new flag is swinging
 The symbol of women abroad unto men
 Work work the CHARKHA is spinning
 A cable to circle the globe in its span

Spin spin a heaven creating
 Where beauty and truth peace and plenty abide
 Sing sing of the stand we are taking
 Until all the nation's stripes are allied

Well within hand be the thread's release
 The price of his labour each man's increase
 His time his endeavour his patience his toil
 Sacred and safe as his home or his soil—

Shine, shine as the Sun in his spinning

Shines in that great wheel where Earth is a spoke.

Voice, voice through the CHARKHA this humming,

Echo, "The Music of the Spheres", O ye Folk!

—*Maude Ralston Sherman*

NATIONAL ANTHEMS.

ENGLAND—

GOD SAVE THE KING

(1)

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!
Oh Lord, our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Contound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,—
God save us all!
Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign!
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
“God save the King!”

—Henry Carey.

(2)

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save our King!

May peace his power extend,
 I'oe be transformed to friend,
 To Thee our prayers ascend,

God save our King!

Strong in a Nation's love,
 May he Thy goodness prove,

God save our King!

Teach him to do Thy will,

Guard him from every ill,

His cup with blessing fill,

God save our King!

Our empire deign to bless

With peace and righteousness,

God save our King!

And may the Nation see,

By love and loyalty,

We seek to honour Thee,

God save our King!

—*Revised by V. J. Charlesworth,*

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service, and true chivalry,
 As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world.....
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune.

—William Shakespeare.

DEAR LANDS OF OUR FATHERS
 DEAR LANDS OF OUR CHILDREN

There's land, a dear land, where the rights of the
 free,
 Though firm as the earth, are as wide as the sea.
 Where the primroses bloom, and the nightingales
 sing,
 And the honest poor man is as good as a king
 Showery! Flowery!
 Tearful! Cheerful!
 England, wave-guarded and green to the shore!
 West Land! Best Land!
 Thy Land! My Land!
 Glory be with her, and, Peace evermore!

There's a land, a dear land, where our vigour of soul
 Is fed by the tempests that blow from the Pole,
 Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume
 To ask for more earth than will cover his tomb
 Sea Land! Free Land!
 Fairest! Rarest!

Home of brave men, and the girls they adore!
 Fearless! Peerless!
 Thy Land! My Land!
 Glory be with her, and Peace evermore!

—*Charles Mackay.*

RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 'Twas this the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sung this strain—
 "Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
 Britons never will be slaves."

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown

LIBERAI SONG OF VICTORY

There's a bugle call a sounding and we're rallying
to the call
There's a fighting line a forming and there's work
for each and all
There's a Young Brigade to vanquish e'er the
Good Old Cause shall fall -
For the Old Flag's floating still

Chorus

Forward forward then to victory
Forward forward then to victory !
Forward forward then to victory !
For the Old Flag's floating still !

'Tis the flag that signalled Freedom to the serf
behind the plough
'Tis the flag that freed our fathers shall then ours
forsake it now ?
'Tis the flag we've sworn to follow and we mean
to keep our vow
While the Old Flag's floating still !

It shall wave again victorious over Mersey Thames
and Tyne
Over the rugged coasts of Cornwall and beyond
the Highland line
It shall rise again triumphant over fonder field
and mine
For the Old Flag's floating still

We've a hope that cheers us onward to a fairer
nobler day
We've a built flag for the people as they tread upon
their way

We've a quenchless faith in Freedom, and her
 cause we'll ne'er betray,
 While the Old Flag's floating still

There are foes upon the left hand, there are foes
 upon the right,
 But they fear the name of Freedom, and they
 shrink before her might
 Let them put their trust in darkness—we'll go mar-
 ching to the light,
 Where the Old Flag's floating still!

O' we've heard the call & sounding and we're
 marching to the call!
 In the fight for Peace and Progress there's a post
 for each and all
 They've the Young Brigade to conquer e'er the
 Grand Old Cause shall fall—
 And the Old Flag's floating still!

—E. H. Jellie

(With acknowledgements to 'The
 Daily News London')

THE FLAG.

Unfurl the banner of England
 Tell to the heavens her story,
 A thousand years she has held it fast,
 A thousand years of a mighty past,
 The tale of a nation's glory

Red for the nation's heart,
 White for the stainless brand
 Blue for the girding sea
 That for ever guards the land

Turn to the record of England
 Open that page of splendour,
 Trac'd in letter of shining gold,
 Unfading still from the days of old,
 Our homage to that we render,
 Red, &c., &c.

Is it all we can do for England?
 Nay, now, for the need is o'er us,
 For King and Country, for home and faith,
 And how to endure, if the end be death,
 They have laugh'd, who went before us
 Red, &c., &c.

—*Rachel Henzlowe*

(With acknowledgements to *The*
Morning Post, London)

WILKS--

MEN OF HARLECH

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,
 Do ye hear, like rushing billow,
 Wave on wave that surging follow
 Battle's distant sound?
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
 Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
 Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen
 They shall bite the ground!

Rocky sleeps and passes narrow,
 Flash with spear and flight of arrow
 Who would think of death or sorrow?
 Death is glory now!

Hurl the reeling horsemen over!
 Let the earth dead foemen cover!
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover,
 Trembles on a blow!

Loose the folds asunder,
 Flag we conquer!
 The placid sky now bright on high,
 Shall launch its bolts in thunder!
 Onward! 'tis our country needs!
 He is bravest, who leads us!
 Honour's self now proudly leads us!
 Cimbria God and Right!

Strands of life are riven;
 Blow for blow is given,
 In deadly lock, or battle shock,
 And "Mercy!" shrieks to heaven!
 Men of Harlech, young and hoary,
 Would you win a name in story?
 Strike for home, for life, for glory!
 Cymru God, and Right!

—William Duffie

HARP OF THE MOUNTAIN LAND

Harp of the mountain land! sound forth again
 As when the forming Harp's horn was crowned
 And warrior hearts beat proudly to the strain,
 And the bright merd at Owun's feast went round
 Wake with the spirit and the power of yore!
 Harp of the ancient hills! be heard once more!

Thy tones are not to cease ! The Roman came
 O'er the blue waters with his thousand oars
 Through Mona's oaks he sent the wasting flame,
 The Druid shrines lay prostrate on our shores
 All gave their ashes to the wind and sea—
 Ring out, thou harp ! he could not silence thee.

The tones are not to cease ! The Saxon passed,
 His banners floated on Eryri's gales,
 But thou wert heard above the trumpet's blast,
 E'en when his towers rose loftiest o'er the vales !
 'Thine was the voice that cheered the brave and
 free,
 They had their hills, their chainless hearts, and thee.

Those were dark years !—They saw the valiant fall,
 The rank weeds, gathering round the chieftain's
 board,
 The hearth left lonely in the ruined hall—
 Yet power was thine—a gift in every chord !
 Call back that spirit to the days of peace,
 Thou noble harp ! thy tones are not to cease !

—*Isabella Hemans*

SCOTLAND—

BANNOCKBURN

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled !
 Scots wham Bruce has aften led !
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victorie,

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
 See the front o' battle lower,
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r,
 Chains and staverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?

Wha can fill a coward's grave ?

Wha sae base as be a slave ?

Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's ling and law

Freedom's sword will strongly draw

Freeman stand, or freeman fa',

Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes an' pains !

By our sons in servile chains !

We will drain our dearest veins !

But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !

'Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe !

Liberty's in ev'ry blow !

Let us do or die !

—Robert Burns

OH WHY LEFT I MY HAME

Oh why left I my hame ?

Why did I cross the deep ?

Oh why left I the land

Where my forefathers sleep ?

I sigh for Scotia's shore,

And I gaze across the sea,

But I canna get a blink

O' my ain countrie

The palm-tree waveth high

And frae the myrtle springs

And to the Indian maid

The bulbul sweetly sings

But I dinna see the broom,
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the hutes' song
O' my ain countrie

Oh here no sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn
Nor sang of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn
For the tyrant's voice is here
And the wail o' shaverie
But the sun o' freedom shines
In my ain countrie

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain
But the first joys of our heart
Come never back again
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea
But for me there's nae return
To my ain countrie

—Robert Gilfillan

IRI LAND—

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

O Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's
going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish
ground
Saint Patrick's day no more we'll keep his col-
our can't be seen
For there's a cruel law agin the wearing 'o' the

I met with Napper Tandy, and he tuk me by the
 hand
 And sud he "How's poor auld Ireland and how
 does she stand?"
 She's the most distressful country that ever yet was
 seen
 They're hanging men and women there for wear-
 ing of the green "
 Then since the colour we must wear is England's
 cruel red,
 'Twill seave but to remind us of the blood that
 has been shed,
 You may take the shamrock from your hat and
 cast it on the sod,
 But never fear 'twill take root there, tho' under
 foot 'tis trod.
 When law can stop the blades of grass from grow-
 ing as they grow, ,
 And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure
 dare not show,
 Then I will change the colour, that I wear in my
 caubeen
 But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing
 of the green "

—*Irish Ballad, 1798.*

UNITY

Dawn is breaking o'er the hills,
 Calling whilst her bosom thrills,
 Calling to her sons "Unite "
 Erin's heart awaits the light.

SHE IS A RICH AND RARE LAND

She is a rich and rare land
 O she s a fresh and fair land
 She is a dear and rare land—
 This native land of mine

No men than hers are braver—
 Her women s hearts ne er waver
 I d freely die to save her
 And think my lot divine

She s not dull or a cold land
 No she is a warm and bold land
 O she s a true and old land—
 This native land of mine

Could beauty ever guard her
 And virtue still reward her
 No foe would cross her border—
 No friend within it pure

O she s a fresh and fair land
 O she s a true and rare land
 Yes she s a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine

—*Thomas Davis*

 TEACH US HOW TO DIL

God we enter our last fight
 Thou dost see our cause is right
 Make us march now in Thy sight
 On to victory

Let us not Thy wrath deserve
In the sacred cause we serve,
Let us not from danger swerve,
Teach us how to die.
Death for some is in reserve
Before our flag can fly.

All the agony of years,
All the horrors, all the fears,
Martyrs' blood, survivors' tears,
Now we offer Thee
As an endless holocaust
For the freedom we have lost,
God restore it, tho' the cost
Greater still must be,
Let Thy grace attend our host,
Give us victory.

That we may rejoice alive
 In her victory;
 We but ask that she shall thrive,
 And rest our fate with Thee.

We know not what must befall
 Marching at our country's call;
 Make us strong who must yield all
 That she may not die.
 Those who will survive the fight,
 Still attend them with Thy Light,
 Thou our hope in darkest night,
 Then our guardian be,
 And hold our dear land in Thy sight
 Erect, firm and free.

—Terence MacSwiney.

IRELAND.

'T was the dream of a God,
 And the mould of His hand,
 That you shook 'neath His stroke,
 That you trembled and broke
 To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hold
 A brown tumult of wings,
 Till the wind on the sea
 Bore the strange melody
 Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,
 You in purple and gold,
 You in silver and green,
 Till no eye that has seen
 Without love can behold.

I have left you behind
 In the path of the past
 With the white breath of flowers
 With the best of God's hours
 I have left you at last

—Dora Sigerson Shorter

SONS OF ERIN

Away away with idle words
 And supplications to the Throne!
 Up up and boldly seize your own
 Forth from the scabbards flash your swords
 No people ever yet upsprung
 From Slavery's night to Freedom's day
 Who to the despot's mantle clang
 And at his feet did whining pray

When Austria's chivalry elate
 A numerous and valiant band
 Marched on to rugged Switzerland
 Its hardy sons to subjugate
 Instead of mercy's prayer and plea
 From terror stricken mountaineers
 They hear defiance and they see
 Intrepid men and flashing spears
 And when Columbia's sons arose
 And flung their banner to the breeze
 With sword in hand they met their foes
 And not with prayers on bended knees

O! men! if freedom you would know
 Make up your mind to fight and die!
 Give prayers and pleadings to the sky
 But blows and curses to the foe!

What fear you? Do you shrink from death
 Man dies but once—the lord of slave—
 What tomb so grand the heavens beneath
 As Freedom's battle-grave.

Swear by the love you bear your land,
 And by the hate you bear the foe,
 And by long centuries of woe,
 And by your martyred patriot band;
 By widows' tears and orphans' moans,
 And by each desecrated lane,
 And by your brothers' countless bones,
 In every clime across the main!

Swear by the calumnies and lies
 The foe has heaped upon your name,
 By all the agonies and sighs,
 The insults and the bitter shame
 You've borne for ages and still bear,
 That you will rise in manly might,
 Beneath your glorious banner bright,
 Begirt with Freedom's battle brand,
 To sweep the foeman from your land:
 And that the blade you'll never sheath
 Till you have won victor's wreath!

AUSTRALIA—

NATIONAL ANTHEM

Maker of earth and sea,
 What shall we render Thee?
 All things are Thine!
 Ours but from day to day
 Still with one heart we pray
 "God bless our land alway,"
 This land of Thine.

Mighty in brotherhood
 Mighty for God and good,
 Let us be Thine
 Here let the Nations see
 Toil from the curse set free
 Labor and Liberty,
 One cause—and Thine

Here let glad plenty reign
 Here let none seek in vain
 Our help and Thine—
 No heart for want of friend
 Failure the timely end
 But love forever blend
 Man's cause and Thine

Here let Thy peace abide
 Never may strife divide
 This land of Thine
 Let us united stand
 One great Australian band
 Heart to heart hand in hand
 Heart and hand Thine

Strong to defend our right
 Proud in all Nations' sight
 Lowly in Thine—
 One in all noble fame
 Still be our path the same
 Onward in Freedom's name
 Upward in Thine

—*Herbert Stephens*

THE WIDE BROWN LAND FOR ME

The love of field and coppice
 of green and shaded lanes
 Of ordered woods and gardens,
 Is running in your veins
 Strong love of grey blue distance
 Brown streams and soft dim skies
 I know but cannot share it
 My love is otherwise

I love a sun burnt country,
 A land of sweeping plains
 Of ragged mountain ranges
 Of droughts and flooding rains
 I love her far horizons,
 I love her jewel sea
 Her beauty and her terror—
 The wide brown land for me !

Core of my heart my country !
 Her pitiless blue sky
 When sick at heart around us
 We see the cattle die—
 But then the grey clouds gather
 And we can bless again
 The drumming of an army
 The steady soak of rain

Core of my heart my country !
 Land of the rainbow gold
 I or flood and fire and famine
 She pays us back threefold
 Over the thirsty paddocks
 Watch after many days
 The filmy veil of greenness
 That thickens as we gaze

An opal hearted country,
 A wilful, lavish land—
 All you who have not loved her,
 You will not understand—
 Though earth holds many splendours
 Wherever I may die,
 I know to what brown country
 My homing thoughts will fly

—*Dorothea Mackellar*

CANADA—

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER

In days of yore from Britain's shore,
 Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag
 On Canada's fair domain !
 Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
 And joined in love together,
 The 'Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

(chorus)

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
 The Maple Leaf for ever !
 God save our King and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever !
 The Maple Leaf our emblem dear,
 The Maple Leaf for ever !
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
 The Maple Leaf for ever !
 The Maple Leaf our emblem dear
 The Maple Leaf for ever !
 God save our King and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane
 Our brave Fathers, side by side,
 For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
 Firmly stood, and nobly died,
 And those dear rights which they maintained
 We swear to yield them never !
 Our watchword evermore shall be,
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

Our fair Dominion now extends
 From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
 My peace forever be our lot,
 And plentious store abound,
 And may those ties of love be ours
 Which discord cannot sever,
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

On Merry England's far famed land
 My kind Heaven sweetly smile,
 God bless Old Scotland evermore,
 And Ireland's Emerald Isle !
 Then swell the song both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forest quiver,
 God save our King and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf for ever !

—Alexander Muir

CANADA OUR CANADA !

Hail ! stately country of our sires !
 To Thee we light the altar fires,
 Ne'er to be quenched till life expire—
 Canada our Canada !

Chorus—

Canada, we hail Thee !
Whoever may assail Thee,
Never shall we fail Thee,
Canada, our Canada !

Each true son's heart glows with the flame,
Of patriot pride to see Thy name,
Writ large upon the roll of fame,
Canada, our Canada !

From East to St. Elias' towers,
The cry comes through th' awakened hours—
" Arise, assert Thy manhood's powers,
Canada, our Canada !

" The time has come to take Thy place,
Among the nations, face to face,
Equal at last with ev'ry race,"
Canada, our Canada !

GIVE ME MY NORTHERN HOME

I've wandered in the sunny South
Beneath its purple skies ;
And roamed through many a far-off land
Where cloudless beauty lies ;
I've breathed the balm of tropic eves,
Upon the Southern sea,
And watched the glorious sunset form
Its radiance far and free.

But give me still my Northern home,
Her islands and her lakes ;
And her forests old, where not a sound
The tomb-like silence breaks

More lovely in her snowy dress,
 Or in her vesture green
 Than all the pride of Europe's lands:
 Or Asia's glittering sheen

I've basked beneath Italian suns
 When flowers were in their bloom,
 And I've wandered o'er the hills of Greece
 By ruined shrine and tomb,
 Oh sweet it was to gaze upon
 The Arno's silver tide,
 And dearer still the ruins grey
 Of Athens' fallen pride

But dearer unto me that land
 Which the mighty waters lave,
 Where the spreading maple's glorious lines
 Are mirrored in the wave,
 Where music from the dark old woods
 Ascends to heaven's dome
 Like angel hymns of peace and love
 Around my Northern home

—John F. Mc Donnell

NEW ZEALAND—

CROWNED WITH IMMORTAL FAIR

God of nations at Thy feet
 In the bonds of love we meet,
 Hear our voices we entreat
 God defend our free land
 Guard Pacific's triple star
 From the shafts of strife and war
 Make her praises heard afar
 God defend New Zealand!

Let our love for Thee increase
 May Thy blessings never cease
 Give us plenty give us peace
 God defend our free land!
 I from dishonour and from shame
 Guard our country's spotless name
 Crown her with immortal fame
 God defend New Zealand!

May our mountains ever be
 Freedom's ramparts on the sea
 Make us faithful unto Thee
 God defend our free land!
 Guide her in the nations van
 Preaching love and truth to man
 Working out thy glorious plan
 God defend New Zealand!

—*Thou art broken*

SOUTH AFRICA—

THE CALL OF THE WILD

That siren has taught you to call us
 There wind swept lands sigh for the rain?
 Who gave you the lures to enthrall us
 O drought-stricken plain?
 Ah but the clear light of dawn!
 Ah but the freedom it spells!
 The limitless width of life's morning
 The call of the Veldt

No land of your sons has bereft you
 No magic can make them forget
 For those who have loved you and left you
 They dream of you yet

They dream of the brown and red grasses,
 The homestead where once they have dwelt,
 They hear on the wind as it passes
 The call of the Veld.

And we who have seen of life's treasure,
 And hunger of travel have known,
 Have drunken our fill of its pleasure
 Till weary we have grown;
 And then with the sob that comes after
 The mirth, as our throbbing hearts melt,
 We hear, above sound of our laughter,
 The call of the Veld.

We yearn for the home when we we're tired,
 Horizons where veld and sky meet,
 To shake off the dust that mired
 Our wandering feet
 All wonder of love in new semblance,
 Strange gods at whose alters we knell,
 Are naught when we call to remembrance
 The god of the Veld.

Whose pathway is o'er the blue mountains,
 Whose breath is the keen-scented air,
 Whose storm clouds have hollowed the fountains,
 And made the Veld fair.
 To hunt us in joy or in weeping
 Whichever our fate may have dealt,
 To give us at last a long sleeping
 Safe under the Veld!

—*Mary Byron*

AUSTRIA—

NATIONAL ANTHEM (old)

God preserve our gracious Emp'ror
 Franz our sov'reign, great is he!
 Wise as Ruler, deep in knowledge
 Nations his renown may see!
 Love entwines a crown of laurel
 That shall all unfading be,
 God preserve our gracious Emp'ror,
 Franz our sov'reign great is he!

O'er a vast and mighty Empire
 Rules our Sov'reign day by day
 Though he wields a potent sceptre
 All beneficent his sway!
 From his shield his Sun of Justice
 Ever casts its purest ray!
 God preserve, etc.

To adorn himself with virtues
 He, and all successful tries
 N'er against his loving people
 Does his hand in anger rise!
 No! to see them free and happy,
 Thus he holds the highest prize
 God preserve, etc.

Pioneer of perfect freedom
 Blessings round his footsteps cling!
 To its pinnacle of greatness
 Soon may he his country bring!
 And when death at last approaches
 Shall his grateful people sing
 God preserve etc.

--*Ledit* (Translated by Edward Oxenford)

MY HOMELAND (new anthem)

The Danube flows athwart thee, little land
 Like a blue ribbon traceth he his line
 Southward the Alpine peaks, thy guardians stand,
 Thou hold'st my heart, O little land of mine
 And varied sights thou hast to greet the eye—
 The mountains—peak, and precipice, and pass—
 The shadows off the river rippling by,
 The water meadows with their verdant grass

—*Michael Haydn*

 BELGIUM—

THE BRABANCONNE

Fled the years of servile shame'
 Belgium 'tis thy hour at last
 Wear again thy glorious name
 Spread thy banner on the blast
 Sovereign people in thy might,
 Steadfast yet and valiant be,
 On thine ancient standard write
 King and Law and Liberty
 Chorus—

On thine ancient standard write
 King and Law and Liberty
 King and Law and Liberty,
 King and Law and Liberty

Strive nor seek discharge at length,
 Hold thy courage as thy crown
 God, Who keeps thee in His strength
 On thy labours smileth down
 Over all thy fruitful land
 Labour's prize is full and free

On thine arts enthroned stand,
 King and Law and Liberty
 On thine ancient standard write etc

Foes that were our friends of old
 Are returned to love at last
 All the free we prize as gold
 Praying that our strife be past
 Belgians and Batavians friends
 Knit in brotherhood shall be
 With one voice the shout ascends
 Kind and Law and Liberty
 On thine ancient standard write etc

Belgium, Mother thus we vow,
 Never shall our love wane
 Thou our hope our safety thou
 Hearts and blood we consecrate
 Grave we pray upon thy shield
 This device eternally
 Weal or woe at home or field
 King and Law and Liberty
 On thine ancient standard write etc.
 --Jenner 11

CHINA—

HIN YUN GUIDE US I

Freedom one of the greatest blessings of
 Heaven
 United to peace thou wilt work on this Earth
 Ten thousand wonderful new things
 Grave as a spirit great as a giant
 Rising to the very skies

With clouds for a chariot and wind for a steed,
 Come, come to reign over this Earth
 For the sake of the black hell of our Slavery,
 Come, enlighten us with a ray of thy Sun

White Europe Thou art indeed
 The spoiled daughter of Heaven
 Bread, wine—thou hast everything in abundance
 For, me, I love Liberty as a bride,
 Through the day in my thoughts, through the night
 in my dreams :

I survey the woes of my Fatherland
 But the inconstant nature of Liberty
 Prevents me from attaining her,
 Alas !—my brethren are all slaves
 The wind is so sweet, the dew is so bright,
 The flowers are so fragrant,
 Men are becoming all Kings—
 And yet can we forget what the people are suffering ?

At Peking we must bow our head
 Before the wolf of an Emperor
 Alas ! —Freedom is dead
 Asia the Great is nothing else
 But an immense desert

In this century we are working
 To open a new age,
 In this century, with one voice, all virile men
 Are calling for a new making of Heaven and
 Earth
 May the soul of the people rise to the peak of
 Kwangtung and Himalayas.

Washington and Napoleon you two sons of
Liberty,

May you become incarnated in the people of
Asia.

Himyn, our ancestor, guide us,
Spirit of Freedom, come and protect us

CZECHOSLOVAKIA—

CZECH NATIONAL ANTHEM

Where is my home? Where is my home?
Where through meadows rush babbling foun-
tains

And the forest murmurs stir through the mount-
ains,

Orchards gay, in spring's device.,
Everywhere 'tis paradise.

And this land so fair and beautiful
Is the Czech land, is my home
Is the Czech land, is my home

SLOVAK NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Lightens the Tatra with thunder, the heights are
shaken,

Lightens the Tatra with thunder, the heights are
shaken

Stand fast my brothers, death take the others,
Slovaks shall awaken.

Stand fast my brothers, death take the others
Slovaks shall awaken

DENMARK—

DANISH NATIONAL ANTHEM

King Christian stood by the lofty mast
 In mist and smoke
 His sword was hammering so fast,
 Through Gothic helm and brain it passed,
 Then sank each hostile bulk and mast
 In mist and smoke
 ' Fly ! ' shouted they, ' fly, he who can !
 Who braves of Denmark's Christian
 The stroke ? '

Neils Juel gave heed to the tempest's roar
 Now is the hour !
 He hoisted his blood red flag once more,
 And smote upon the foe full sore,
 And shouted loud through the tempest's roar,
 " Now is the hour ! "
 " Fly ! " shouted they, " for shelter fly !
 Of Denmark's Juel who can defy
 The power ? "

North Sea ! a glimpse of vessel rent
 Thy murky sky !
 Then champions to thine arms we sent
 Terror and Death glared where he went,
 From the waves was heard a wail that rent
 Thy murky sky !
 From Denmark thunders Tordenskiold
 Let each to Heaven commend his soul
 And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !
 Dark rolling wave !
 Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,
 Goes to meet danger with despite,

Proudly as thou the tempest's night,
 Dark rolling wave !
 And amid pleasure and alarms,
 And war and victory, be thine arms,
 My grave.

. — *Johan Hartman*
 (Translated by Longfellow)

MARCHING SONG

Come, comrades, to arms ! See the lightnings are
 flashing,
 The storm-clouds above us in thunder are crashing,
 And dark is the East where the sunrise was
 bright,
 Rise up, ye oppressed, from your dens and alleys ;
 Come forth, men of toil, from your hilly and your
 valleys ;
 Break tyranny down, 'tis for Freedom we fight.

FINLAND—

FINNISH NATIONAL SONG

Sons of a race whose blood was shed
 On Narva's field, on Poland's sand,
 At Leipzig, Lutzen's dark hills under,
 Not yet is Finland's manhood dead,
 With foemen's blood a field may still be tinted red
 All rest, all peace, away, begone!
 The tempest loosens, lightnings flash,
 And o'er the field the cannon thunder
 Rank upon rank, march on! march on!
 The spirit of each father brave looks on as brave
 A son

No nobler aim
 Could light us to the field,
 Our swords are aflame;
 Nor new our blood to yield,
 Forward each man so brave and hold!
 Lo! the glorious path of freedom centuries old!
 Gleam high! thou banner victory sealed
 In the grey by-gone days, long since all battle
 worn
 Be still our splendid colours onward borne,
 Of Finland's ancient Standard there's yet a shred
 untorn

Nay, never shall our father's ground
 Be rest by force from out the arms
 Of soldiers who have never bled,
 O nay, never shall the word go round
 That I pass to their free northern home were traitors found

Brave men can only do or die
 Not backward turn at danger's threat
 Nor shrink, nor quail nor bow the head!
 Be ours the warriors' fortune high
 To fall — we only raise a prayer for one last
 victory

Take sword in hand!
 Rush gladly on the foe!
 And die for our land
 So honour's life shall grow
 Untiring plunge from fray to fray
 The present is ours — 'tis now the harvest day
 Thinned ranks as splendid witness show
 To valour's daring deeds our land that save and
 ward
 On with the flag that never battle seered
 Around the staff still gathers close its faithful
 guard

FRANCE—

THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
 Hark hark, what myriads bid you rise
 Your children wives and grandsires hurry
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!
 Shall hateful tyrants mischief breed
 With hurling hosts a rushing band
 Affright and desolate the land
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
Refrain

Now, now the danger is scowling
 Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise,
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And, lo! our fields and cities blaze
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,
 Spreads desolation far and wide,
 With crimes and blood his hands embruing?
 To arms, etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
 To mete and vend the light and air
 Like beasts of burden would they load us—
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
 But man is man—and who is more?
 Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, etc.

O Liberty! can man resign thee?
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield—
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing,
 To arms, etc
 —Rouget de Lisle

ALL HONOUR AND PRAISE,

Queen of the universe! France, my own land!
 Lift once again thy brow, covered with scars
 In their glory all spotless thy children can stand
 Though thy banner be shivered in

Brave men can only do or die
 Not backward turn at danger's threat,
 Nor shrink, nor quail nor bow the head!
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 On with the flag that never battle seced
 Around the staff still gathers close its Finnish
guard

FRANCE—

THE MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France awake to glory,
 Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise
 Your children wives and grandsires hourly
 Behold their tears and hear their cries!
 Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding
 With hireling hosts a ruffian band
 Affright and desolate the land
 While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Refrain

To arms to arms ye brave!
 The avenging sword unsheath'd
 March on march on! all hearts resolved
 On victory or death

Now, now the danger is scowling
 Which treacherous kings confederate, raise,
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
 And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.
 And shall we basely view the ruin,
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,
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Queen of the universe! France, my own land!
 Lift once again thy brow, covered with scars
 In their glory all spotless thy children can stand,
 Though thy banner be shivered in murderous wars

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong !
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well !

The deed of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze ,
They swear with dauntless heart, " O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine !"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand !

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows ,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine !
—*May Schneckenburger.*

GRELCE—

THE EXILE

I flung wide the window—nor sadder could I be
I fell on my knees, there, before it
And sweet was the breath of the dark lilac tree
On my face as the vernal night bore it
The nightingale sang in the distance a song
With a sorrow deep brooding I listened ,
For my country I sighed,—for the land I'd left long
My eyes with the rising tear glistened

Where my nightingale sings a sweet song of her own
 And of all earthly sorrows unwitting
 Pours forth her soft lay till the summer night's frown
 'Neath the boughs of her lilac tree sitting

*K R (H. I H Grand Prince
 Constantine Constantinovich)*

HUNGARY—

THE MAGYAR HYMN

With Thy mercies, Father, crown
 Hungary's fair and fertile land
 Shield and prosper arts of peace
 Bid unholy strife to cease,
 Eastern, Western Europe meet
 As we now each other greet.

When the foemen round her frown
 Guard her with Thy mighty hand!
 Blend the Magyar, Slav and Pole
 Into one harmonious whole
 Magyar people and our own
 Linked in loving bonds are shown

ITALY—

THE GARIBALDI HYMN

Come arm ye! Come arm ye!
From vineyards of olives from grapemantled
bowers

Where landscapes are hushing in mazes of flowers
From mountains all lighted by sapphire and amber
From cities of marble from Temples and Maris

Arise all ye valiants! your manhood proclaiming
While thunders are meeting and sabers are flaming
For Honour, for Glory the bugles are sounding
To quicken your pulses and gladden your hearts

Then hurl our fierce foemen far from us for ever
The day is dawning
The day is dawning which shall be our own

Too long cruel tyrants have trampled us under
The chains they have forged us are risen under
The Scions of Italy rise in defiance
Her flag nobly flutters where breezes are kind

To landward and seaward the foe shall be broken
Where heroes have gathered where martyrs have
spoken

And Italy's Throne shall be rooted in Freedom
Whilst Monarch and people are all of one mind

Then hurl our fierce foemen etc

JAPAN—

NATIONAL ANTHEM,

Through countless ages yet unborn,
 Still may our Lord's dominion last,
 Till by each streamlet, water worn
 The tiny pebbles that each morn
 Scarce in the sunlight shadows cast,
 Grow into boulders, mossy, vast!

JEWISH SONG—

HOMeward

A Jewish land! a Jewish home!
 No longer all wide world to roam,
 No longer all the earth to tramp
 No longer bear the servile stamp
 No longer hide my Jewish face,
 For fear of torture and disgrace
 No more expose my soul for sale
 And buy the air that I inhale

Two thousand years pursued and wronged,
 My forebears hoped and pined and longed
 And every day three times did pray
 That God might send Redemption day

A Jewish home! A Jewish land!
 Still fleet of foot, still strong of hand,
 We answer, mother, to thy call
 We come, we come, thy children all
 From North and South and West we hail
 To build thy town, to plant thy vale
 Thy wounds to heal, thy shame to drive
 That you and we at length revive
 From exile lands we speed to thee,
 Once more a people, brave and free

—P. M. Raskin.

Dearest of lands with thy mountains of beauty,
 Fertile thy valleys and teeming thy shore !
 Faith and devotion to thee is our duty,
 Gladly our life blood for thee we will pour,
 Stand thou unwearing, fame ever bearing,
 Free as the tempest that roars on the hull,
 And while thy coast meets the billow un-
 sparing,
 Fortune and Fame be thy heritage still

Henr Ank Bjerregaard
 (Translated by W A Craigie)

THIS NORWAY

This Norway, this Norway.....
 It is dear to us, so dear,
 And no people has a fairer land than this our
 homeland here,
 Oh the shepherding in spring
 When the birds begin to sing,
 When the mountain peak glitters and green grows
 the lea
 And the turbulent river sweeps brown to the sea...
 Who knows Norway must well understand,
 How her sons can suffer for such a land

RUSSIA—

GOD THE ALL-TERRIBLE

God the All-terrible ! King who ordainest
 Great winds Thy clarions, lightnings Thy sword
 Show forth Thy pity on high where Thou reignest
 Give us peace in our time, O Lord !

Nay! but I love (why I cannot say)
 Her cold steppes in their silent majesty,
 Her waving woodlands in their boundless play,
 Her flooded rivers spreading like the sea
 I love to drive adown her country lines
 With longing glance piercing the shades of night
 Sighing for rest, to catch thro' distant panes
 The glimmering of some mournful village light

I love to see the smoke of smouldering stall
 To watch the waggons o'er the wide waste wend,
 Or on hillside, 'mid yellowing fields to mark
 The pair of birch trees their white arms extend
 With a delight unknown except to few,
 Love I to note the well-filled threshing-floor,
 The peasant's hut, half-hidden in the straw
 Shutters with quaint carvings covered o'er,
 And with no less delight, on holiday,
 From dewy eve till noon of night, to gaze
 Upon the dance, with stamp and whistling gay
 Amid the roar the merry rustics raise

—*Ler Montof*

SERBIA—

MEN OF SERBIA

Up and rise for King and country! Men of Serbia
 rise as one!
 Freedom calls you, nought enthalls you, up and
 arise ere dawns the morning sun!
 Thro' long night of first endeavour ye have proven
 gallant men and true!
 Up and onward to the battle! Swords are flashing
 cannons crashing!

Up and onward to the battle Men of Serbia rise
as one!
Up and arise ere dawns the sun! Rise as one!

SERBIA'S KING AND SERBIA'S LAND

God! who in by-gones has served us Thy people,
Great King of Justice hear us this day;
While for our country,—for Serbia's salvation
We, with devotion, unceasing pray.

Onward! Forward! Lead us ever,
Out of shadow into light,
Till our ship of State be anchored
Through the mercy of Thy night:

Till our foes be spent and scattered
In the fulness of the Light,
Serbia's King and Serbia's land, guard for ever-
more



And love and friendship pour to you
 Across the darkened doors,
 Even as round your galleys-beds
 My free music pours

The heavy hanging chains will fall,
 The walls will crumble with a word.
 And Freedom greet you in the light,
 And brothers give you back the sword
 —Pushkin (Translated by Max Eastman)

SWEDEN—

THOU ANCIENT, THOU GLORIOUS, THOU ALP CROWNED NORTH

Thou ancient, thou glorious thou alpcrowned North,
 Where freeborn and happy hearts are beating!
 We hail thee, thou fairest of lands on the Earth,
 Thy sun thy skies, thy flow'ry valleys, greeting
 How proudly we dwell on thy great deeds of yore,
 What time thy name was famed in story,
 Thy sons still are valiant and brave as before,
 In thee I'll live and die, thou land of glory!

TO US THERE IS NO FAIRER SPOT

Our land, our land, our native land,
 Ring high O word of cheer!
 No hills by heaven's rim that stand,
 No gentle dales or forming strand,
 Are loved more than our northland here
 The earth our sires held dear.

Thee the highest King of might
 Lord of Light!
 When each Alp its glow displayeth
 Then the free born Switzer prayeth,
 Doth perceive and understand
 God Revealed in Fatherland

Thou dost come mid misty shroud
 Thee I seek in sea of cloud
 Thee begotten Lord of might
 Infinitel
 When from shadow vapour springing
 Breaks the sun its glory flaring
 I perceive and understand
 God revealed in Fatherland

When the storm strikes hill and field
 Thou Thyself art rock and field
 Thou Almighty Governor
 Ever sure
 In the stormy night of sorrow
 We like children faith will borrow
 Still perceive and understand
 God revealed in Fatherland
 —A Zwysst

UKRAINA—

SHALL I SEE MY DEAR LAND?

I care not shall I see my dear
 Own land before I die or no
 Nor who forgets me buried here
 In desert wastes of alien snow
 Though all forget me better so

A slave from my first bitter years,
 Most surely I shall die a slave
 Ungraced of any kinsmen's tears;
 And carry with me to my grave
 Everything, and I leave no trace,
 No little mark to keep my place
 In the dear lost Ukraina
 Which is not ours, though our land
 And none shall ever understand;
 No father to his son shall say:
 "Kneel down and fold your hands and pray,
 He died for our Ukraina."
 I care no longer if the child
 Shall pray for me or pass me by,
 One only thing I cannot bear:
 To know my land, that was beguiled
 Into a death-trap with a lie,
 Trampled and ruined and defiled
 Ah, but I care, dear God; I care!

—T. Shevchenko

And the rocket's red glare the shells bursting in air
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still
there
Oh! say does that star spangled banner yet
wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave?

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep
 There the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
 As it fitfully blows now conceals now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream
 'Tis the star-spangled banner! O long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
Mid the havoc of war and the battle's con-
fusion
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-
step's pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

Rise, ye patriots, rise once more,
 For your rights and for your shore !
 Let no rude foe with impious hands,
 Let no rude foe with impious hands,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well earned prize !
 While off'ring peace sincere and just,
 In heav'n we place a manly trust,
 That truth and justice may prevail,
 And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail

Sound, O sound the trump of fame !
 And let Washington's great name,
 Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
 Ring thro' the world with loud applause,
 Let ev'ry clime to freedom dear,
 Come listen with a joyful ear
 With equal skill, with steady pow'r,
 He governs in the fearful hour
 Of horrid war, or guides with ease
 The happier time of honest peace

See the chief who now commands,
 Still to serve his country stands
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 The rock on which the storm will beat,
 But arm'd in virtue firm and true
 His hopes are fix'd on Heav'n and you
 When hope was sinking in dismay
 When gloom obscur'd Columbia's day,
 His steady mind, from changes free,
 Resolved on death or liberty

SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet Land of Liberty,
 Of thee I sing,
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love,
 I love thy rocks and rills
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above,

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song,
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To Thee we sing,
 Long may our land be bright
 With Freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
 The star of progress still
 Our course doth sway,

In unity sublime
 To broader heights we climb,
 Triumphant over Time,
 God speeds our way !

Grand birthright of our sires,
 Our altars and our fires
 Keep we still pure !
 Our starry flag unfurled,
 The hope of all the world,
 In Peace and Light impearled,
 God hold secure !

—*Samuel Francis Smith*

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
 Lord
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
 of wrath are stored
 He hath loosed the fateful lightening of His terri-
 ble swift sword
 His truth is marching on

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
 call retreat ,
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
 judgment seat
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant,
 my feet !
 Our God is marching on

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She wore the azure robe of night
 And set the stars of glory there
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldrick of the skies,
 And stripped its pure celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light.
 Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
 By angel hands to valour given !
 Thy stars have lit the well-known dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?
—J R Drake

THE WEST INDIES—

THE ISLANDS BELOVED OF THE SEA SUN

In waters of purple and gold
 Lie the islands beloved of the sun
 And he touches them one by one
 As the beads of a rosary told,
 When the glow of the dawn has begun
 And when to Eternity's fold
 Time gathers the day that is done
 No rosary ! Isles of the West,
 Isles Antillean a gleam,
 But a necklace strung out on the breast
 Of the sea breathing low in a dream,
 In the trance of a passionate rest,
 A rainbow afloat in its stream

who am to turn my country into a garden budding
with flowers I am warm with the warmth of my
heart for the King just as the King is warm with
the love for his land

I am a soldier and it is a shame for me to fly
from the battle field. To fight is my profession
and occupation Here am I a soldier ready to
sacrifice my head and life

My religion is to avenge myself on my enemy
The Law I obey is the love of my country. I am
a soldier and on the battle field lions turn to foxes
before my charge

—(Translated by Rustam Khomeini Iran)



Mind not the old man beseeching the young man
 Let not the child's voice be heard nor mother's
 entreaties

Make even the trestles to shake the dead where
 they lie awaiting the hearses
 So strong you thump you terrible drums—so loud
 you bugles blow

—*Wall Whitman*

FORWARD THE DAY IS BREAKING

Forward! the day is breaking
 Earth shall be dark no more
 Millions of men are waking
 On every sea and shore
 With trumpets and with banners
 The world is marching on
 The air rings with hosannas
 The field is fought and won

Forward! the world before us
 Listens to hear our tread
 And the calm heavens o'er us
 Smile blessings on our head
 Hope like an eagle hovers
 Above the way we go
 The shield of patience covers
 Our hearts from every foe

Forward! 'tis nearer and nearer
 Draw we unto our rest
 Joyous the light shines clearer
 In every faithful breast

The past hath ceased to bind us,
 Its chains are hurled away;
 The deepest gloom behind us
 Melts in the dawn of day

—Anon.

HOPE FOR THE ENSLAVED.

Ye who in bondage pine,
 Shut out from light divine,
 Bereft of hope:
 Whose limbs are worn with chains,
 Whose tears bedew our plains,
 Whose blood our glory stains,
 In gloom who grope —

Shout! for the hour draws nigh,
 That gives you liberty!
 And from the dust,
 So long your vile embrace,
 Uprising, take your place
 Among earth's noblest race —
 'Tis right and just!

The night, the long, long night
 Of infamy and slight,
 Shame and disgrace,
 And slavery, worse than e'er
 Rome's serfs were doomed to bear,
 Bloody beyond compare,
 Recedes apace!

Lorn Africa, once more,
 As proudly as of yore,
 Shall yet be seen

Foremost of all the earth
 In learning, beauty, worth—
 By dignity of birth,
 A peerless queen!

Speed, speed the hour, O Lord!
 Speak, and at thy dread word,
 Fetters shall fall
 From every limb—the strong
 No more the weak shall wrong
 But Liberty's sweet song
 Be sung by all!

—*William Lloyd Garrison*

HYMN OF THE LABOURERS

Oh, God, who by Thy Prophet's hand
 Didst smite the rocky brake,
 Whence water came, at Thy command
 Thy people's thirst to slake
 Strike, now, upon this granite wall,
 Stern, obdurate, and high,
 And let some drops of pity fall
 For us who starve and die

The God, who took a little child
 And set him in the midst,
 And promised him His mercy mild
 As by Thy Son Thou didst
 Look down upon our children dear,
 So gaunt, so cold, so spare,
 And let their images appear
 Where Lords and Gentry are!

Oh, God, teach them to feel how we
 When our poor infants droop,
 Are weakened in our trust in Thee,
 And how our spirits stoop,
 For in Thy rest, so bright and fair
 All tears and sorrows sleep
 And their young looks, so full of care,
 Would make Thine Angels weep!

The God who with His finger drew,
 The judgment coming on,
 Write, for these men, what must ensue
 Ere many years be gone
 Oh, God, Whose bow is in the sky
 Let them not brave and dare
 Until they look (too late) on high,
 And see an Arrow there!

Oh, God, remind them! In the bread
 They break upon the knee,
 These sacred words may yet be read
 "In memory of me!"
 Oh, God, remind them of His sweet
 Compassion for the poor,
 And how He gave them bread to eat
 And went from door to door!

—Charles Dickens

THE INTERNATIONAL

Arise ye wretched of all regions!
 Arise all bound in hunger's chain!
 Now reason stirs the worker's legions,
 For lo! the end draws on again!

Away with wreckage of past nations!
 Enslaved crowd rise at the call!
 The world shall change from its foundations
 We that are nothing shall be all

Chorus

The call to arms has sounded!
 Close ranks the foe to face!
 The Workers' International
 Shall be the human race

We ask no aid from Gods or Cæsars
 From haloed savior or from king
 For we 'tis we, the world's producers
 Who to our own selves help must bring
 To free the spirit from the prison
 To make the thief his gains disgorge,
 With mighty strokes we'll strike the iron
 Just taken glowing from our forge

Chorus

The law supports the state's oppressions
 • Whilst endless taxes bleed us white
 An empty word the richman's duty
 And empty word the poor man's right
 Too long too long we've pined in wardship
 Equality seeks other lights,
 For duties should attach to lordship
 While duty is odious without rights

Chorus

How hideous they seem in their splendour,
 These barons of mine and of rail
 Whose sole art has been but to plunder
 The workers who suffer and toil

What is ours to them we've been handing
 Labour's fruit should to labour accrue
 A full restitution demanding,
 The people ask naught, but what's due.

Chorus

March onward, O, army of the toilers
 Of all who work for daily bread!
 We'll give short shrift to the despoilers
 Let them in the realm of the dead!
 On our flesh have these ever been feeding
 Birds of prey since the dawning of days
 Should they vanish the sun, unheeding
 In reckless splendour still will blaze

Chorus

—(Translated by C E Paul)

THE LABOURING POOR

God help the labouring poor
 Increase their frugal store
 God save the poor
 Long through oppression's night
 Have they thought might was right
 Now with the waking light
 God rouse the poor,
 Cold, hunger, toil and pain
 Have been their only gain
 God help Thy poor
 Teach them that kindly earth
 Bringeth her fruits to birth
 First for her men of worth
 —Her toiling poor

Teach them to claim their own
 —Garner the grain they've grown
 For all Thy poor
 Now in the dawning day
 Bid them join hands and say
 With a more perfect way
 Needs be no poor

—H L in the 'Clarion'

LIFT UP THE PEOPLE'S BANNER

Lift up the people's banner
 Now rising from the dust
 A million hands are ready
 To guard the sacred trust
 With steps that never falter
 And hearts that grow more strong
 Till victory ends our warfare
 We sternly march along

Through ages of oppression
 We bore a heavy load
 While others reaped the harvest
 From seeds the people sowed
 Down in the earth we burrowed
 Or fed the furnace heats
 We felled the mighty forests
 We built the mighty fleets

But after bitter ages
 Of hunger and despair
 The slave has snapped his fetters
 And bids his foes beware
 We will be slaves no longer
 The nations soon shall know

That all who live must labour,
And all who reap must sow.

So on we march to battle,
With soul that shall not rest
Until the world God gave us
Is by the world possessed,
And filled with perfect manhood,
In beauty it shall move—
One heart, one home, one nation,
Whose king and lord is love.

—Joseph W. Hillaker.

MARCH OF THE WOMEN.

Shout, shout up with your song!
Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking.
March, march, swing you along!
Wide blows our banner and hope is waking.
Song with its story, dreams with their glory,
Lo, they call, and glad is their word
Forward I hark how it swells,
Thunder of freedom, the voice of the lord!

Long, long, we in the past
Covered in dread from the light of heaven
Strong, strong stand we at last,
Fearless in faith and with sight new given,
Strength with its beauty, life with its duty
(Hear the voice, O hear and obey),
These, these beckon us on,
Open your eyes to the blaze of day!

Comrades, ye who have dared,
First in the battle to strive and sorrow,

Scorned, spurned, naught have ye cared,
 Raising your eyes to a wider morrow
 Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,
 Toil and pain, by faith have ye borne
 Hail, hail, victors we stand
 Waring the wreath that the brave have worn.

Life, strife, these two are one!
 Naught can ye win but by faith and daring
 On, on, that ye have done,
 But for the work of today prepare
 Firm in reliance hush in defiance
 (Laugh in hope, for sure is the end)
 March, march, many as one
 Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend!

—*Ethel Smyth.*

MARCH OF THE WORKERS

What is this, the sound and rumour
 What is this that all men hear,
 Like the wind in hollow valleys
 When the storm is driving near
 Like the rolling on of ocean
 In the eventide of fear?
 'Tis the people marching on
 Whither go they, and whence come they?
 What are these of whom ye tell?
 In what country are they dwelling
 Twist the gates of heav'n and hell?
 Are they mine or thine for money?
 Will they serve a master well?
 Still the rumour's marching on

Chorus—

Hail I the rolling of the thunder!
Lo the sun! and lo thereunder
Riseth wrath and hope and wonder
And the host comes marching on

For they come from grief and torment
On they wend t'ward health and mirth
All the wide world is their dwelling
Every corner of the earth
Buy them sell them for thy service!
Try the bargain what tis worth
For the days are marching on
These are they who build thy houses
Weave thy rument win thy wheat
Smooth the rugged fill the barren
Turn the bitter into sweet
All for thee this day—and ever
What reward for them is meet
Till the host comes marching on?
Chorus Hark etc

Many a hundred years passed over
Have they laboured deaf and blind
Never tidings reached their sorrow
Never hope their lull might find
Now at last they've heard and hear it
And the cry comes down the wind
And their feet are marching on
O ye rich men hear and tremble!
For with words the sound is rife
Once for you and death we laboured!
Changed henceforward is the strife
We are men and we shall battle
For the world of men and life
And our host is marching on!
Chorus Hark etc

"Is it war, then? Will ye perish
 As the dry wood in the fire.
 Is it peace? Then be ye of us,
 Let your hope be our desire.
 Come and live! for life awaketh,
 And the world shall never tire;
 And the hope is marching on."

"On we march, then, we the workers,
 And the rumour that ye hear
 Is the blended sound of battle
 And deliverance drawing near,
 For the hope of every creature
 Is the banner that we bear,
 And the world is marching on."

Chorus, Hark, etc.

—William Morris.

A MARCHING SONG OF YOUTH.

(TUNE, LA MARSEILLAISE).

Whose feet are those upon the mountains
 Like dawn earth's darkened vales above?
 Whose eyes are those like burning fountains
 Of courage, purity and love? (*Repeat.*)

This, this is Youth, whom every Nation
 Awaits to right its ancient wrong,
 And tune the hearts of men to song
 Of brotherhood that brings salvation,
 (*Single voice*) Arise!

(Boys) We hear thy call!

(*Single voice*) Arise!

(Girls) We answer all!

(*All*) We march beneath thy flag unfurled—
 Youth shall reshape the world!"

—J. H. Cousin.

ONWARD BROTHERS

Onward brothers march still onward
 Side by side and hand in hand
 Ye are bound for man's true kingdom
 Ye are in increasing band
 Though the way seem often doubtful
 Hard the toil ye may endure
 Though at times your courage falter
 Yet the promised land is sure
 Olden sages saw it dimly
 And their joy to rapture wrought
 Living men have gazed upon it
 Standing on the hills of thought
 All the past has done and suffered
 All the daring and the strife
 All has helped to mould the future
 Make man master of his life
 Still I have deeds and land are need'd
 Noble thoughts and feelings fir
 Ye too must be strong and suffer
 Ye too have to do and dare
 Onward brothers, march still onward
 March still onward hand in hand
 Till ye see at last in man's kingdom
 Till ye reach the promised land
—Hazel & Ellis

THE PEOPLE'S ANTHEM

Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they,
 Let them not pass, like weeds away—
 Their heritage a sunless day!

God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,

Strength aiding still the strong?

Is it Thy will, O Father,

That man shall toil for wrong?

"Nol" say Thy mountains, "Nol" Thy skies

"Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,

And songs be heard instead of sighs!"

God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?

O God of mercy! when?

The people, Lord, the people!

Not thrones and crowns, but men!

God save the people! Thine they are,

Thy children as Thine angels fair

Save from bondage and despair!

God save the people!

—*Leone or Ellott*

THE RED FLAG,

The people's flag is deepest red

It shrouded oft our martyred dead,

And ere their limbs grew stiff or cold,

Their hearts' blood dyed its every fold

Chorus—

Then raise the scarlet standard high!

Within its shade we'll live and die

I hough cowards flinch or traitors sneer,

We'll keep the Red Flag flying here

Look round the Frenchman loves its blaze,
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung,
Chicago swells the surging throng.

Chorus, Then raise, etc.

It waved above our infant might,
When all ahead seemed dark as night,
It witnessed many a deed and vow,—
We must not change its colour now.

Chorus, Then raise, etc

It well recalls the triumphs past
It gives the hope of peace at last
The banner bright, the symbol plain,
Of human right and human gain

Chorus, Then raise, etc

It suits to-day the weak and base,
Whose minds are fixed on self and place,
To cringe before the rich man's frown
And haul the sacred emblem down

Chorus, Then raise, etc

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall,
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim,
This song shall be our parting hymn.

Chorus, Then raise, etc.

—E. J. Connell.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor fuleth,
And as things have been they remain

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And but for you possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain
Far back, through creeks and inlets making
Comes silent flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes comes in the light
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly
But westward, look! the land is bright
—*Arthur Hugh Clough*

SAY NOT THEY DIE

Say not they die, those martyr souls
Whose life is wing'd with purpose fine,
Who leaves us pointing to the goals
Who learn to conquer and resign

Such cannot die they vanquish time,
And fill the world with growing light
Making the human life sublime
With mem'ries of their sacred might

They cannot die whose lives are part
 Of that great life which is to be
 Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart,
 And throb with its high destiny

Then mourn not those who dying gave
 A gift of greater light to man
 Death stands abashed before the brave
 They own a life he may not bar

—*Malcolm Quinn*

SCOUTS OF ALL THE WORLD

Let us march and sing, together from whatever
 clime we come
 Or whatever kind of weather have left behind
 at home
 Be it cold with ice and snow my joys or heat
 with tropic rain
 Let us smile and whistle till we meet again I
 For a Scout meets Scout as brother in whatever
 place it be
 And saluting one another as is told on they are
 free
 And are not the slave of tyrants but will honour
 what is true
 As their Chief has shown each one the way to
 do
 So will grow league of nations that will cause all
 war to cease
 And to future generations bring the fruits of
 happy peace
 Then those men will be the leaders who have cour-
 age to do right
 And old wrongs the only foes we have to fight
 Let us march and sing, together etc etc

THE SOCIALIST MARCH

The flag unfurls, the bugles call us,
 Up, Socialists, in close array !
 Shake off the shackles that enthrall us
 Let Labour burst her bonds to day !
 The joy of earth and sun and sky,
 The dawn of Light and Liberty,
 To all the People Now, Forever !

This be the goal of our endeavour,
 Let this be Labour's battle cry !
 Ours, ours is Right and Victory !

Ye countless million Brother-toilers
 In mine and mill, by field and wave,
 Who give your lives for your despoilers,
 And for a scanty pittance slave,
 Why eringe so long in joyless plight ?
 The cry resounds " Unite ! Unite ! "
 Put off your fetters Now, Forever !

Chorus, This be the goal, etc

Not ours to wield the spear and sabre,
 Not ours to fight with sword and slave,
 Above the serried hosts of Labour
 Behold the Flag of Freedom wave !
 Let peace prevail, and blessings come
 Of Joy and Hope in every home,
 For all the workers Now, Forever !

Chorus, This be the goal, etc

—H D Harben (from the German)

THE VOICE OF FREEDOM

Loud across the world it ringeth, we have heard
it in our sleep—

We have heard and we have wakened, though our
slumbering was deep

Many a man whose heart nigh failed him in the
long and weary night,

Now with soul aglow is watching for the dawning
of the light

And the voice o'er all the nations has gone forth
upon the wind,

Bearing hope to those despairing, sight to those
who wandered blind,

"Wake, oh men," the loud voice crieth, "wake, if
ye be men indeed,

Will ye sleep and slumber ever, bound to serve a
tyrant's greed?

Surely all too long, oh toilers, have ye been the
slaves of gold

Are ye men, or have ye quite forgotten of your
sires of old?

Hope not Freedom from the masters who reap
pleasure from your pain,

All the freedom they would give you is but leng-
thening of the chain

When they see ye pale and restless, they may leng-
then it a whit,

Soothing ye the while to slumber, that ye be con-
tent with it

Strike it, from you altogether come clasp hands,
the night is late

And the golden dawn is flaring round about the
etern gate

And we rise, our chains upon us, at the voice that
 thrills us through
 Lo, the piteous sight that greets us, we are but a
 weakened few,
 And around us lie our comrades, knowing not the
 bonds they wear,
 Seeing not the light we gaze at, feeling not the
 hope we bear
 Loudly, loudly let us call them See them rising
 one by one
 Till our little band grows stronger underneath the
 rising sun
 Free we must be In our souls the seraph voice
 of Liberty
 Thrills till every chord is trembling as a harp
 string's melody

See the clouds begin to scatter, brighter, brighter
 grows the day,
 Happy we to see the morning hold the long, long
 night at bay!
 We, the toilers, shall no longer be the passive
 driven slaves,
 We have seen a nobler future What though
 pierced with many graves
 Be the way that leads to freedom? Shall we shun
 the glorious day
 Though our very names should perish in the
 eagerness of fray?
 Lo our hearts are set upon it and our feet are on
 the road
 Burn the bridge and let us forward—on to
 Liberty's abode!

—Fred Henderson

FALSE THINGS SHALL BE

These things shall be of loftier race
 Firm e'er the world hath known shall rise
 With flame of freedom in their souls
 And light of science in their eyes

They shall be gentle brave and strong
 To spill no drop of blood but dire
 All that may plant man's lordship firm
 On earth and fire and sea and air

Nation with nation hand with hand
 Unarm'd shall live as comrades free
 In every heart and brain shall throb
 The pulse of one fraternity

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould
 And mightier music thrill the skies
 And every life shall be a song
 When all earth is paradise

These things—they are no dream—shall be
 For happier men when we are gone
 Those golden days for them shall dawn
 Transcending aught we gaze upon

—J. A. Symonds

 TRUE FREEDOM

Men whose boast it is that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free—
 If there breathe on earth a slave
 Are ye truly free and brave?

If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain
 Are ye not base slaves indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed ?

Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt ?
 No ! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free !

They are slaves who fear to steal
 For the fallen and the weak ;
 They are slaves who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think ,
 They are slaves who dare not be
 In the right with two or three

—James Russel Lowell

UNION HYMN

Lo ! we answer ! see we come
 Quick at Freedom's holy call
 We come, we come, we come, we come,
 To do the glorious work of all
 And hark ! we raise from sea to sea
 The sacred watchword Liberty !

God is our guide ! from field, from wave,
 From plough, from anvil, and from loom

We come our country's rights to save
 And speak a tyrant faction's doom
 And hark ! we raise from sea to sea
 The sacred watchword, Liberty !

God is our guide ! no swords we draw
 We kindle not war's battle-fires
 By union justice reason, law
 We claim the birthright of our sires
 We raise the watchword Liberty
 We will we will we will be free !

WE ARE FIGHTING THE FIGHT

We are fighting the fight, we are fighting the fight
 For the cause of the world we are fighting the fight !
 We will march side by side tho' the world
 may be wide
 Yet as wide as the world is the flag we have un-
 furled

We are fighting the fight we are fighting the fight
 For freedom and love we are fighting the fight
 In Liberty's name come sorrow or shame
 We serve her and care not for world's praise or
 blame !
 And the harder the way and the hotter the day
 The greater the glory in fighting we say !

Chorus We are fighting etc

Though long be the night the day will be bright
 When the sun of our Freedom shall rise in its
 might
 True comrades stand fast till the night be o'erpast
 And lies be dead and truth conquer at last

Chorus We are fighting etc

And of us may men say in the heavenly day,
That we shrank not from treading the dangerous
way

Oh! be glad that it is ours to sow seed in these
hours

Tho' others may gather the fruits and flowers

Chorus We are fighting etc

—*E Nesbit*

WE ARE FREE

Like lightning's flash

Upon the foe

We burst and laid

Their glories low!

Like mountain—floods

We on them came—

Like withering blast

Of scorching flame

Like hurricane

Upon the sea—

Shout shout again—

Shout *We are free!*

We struck for God—

We struck for life—

We struck for sue—

We struck for wife—

We struck for home—

We struck for all

That man doth lose

By bearing thrall!

We struck against chains

For liberty!

Now for our pains,

Shout *We are free!*

Give to the slain
 A sigh—a tear
 A curse to those
 Who spoke of fear!
 Then eat your bread
 In peace; for now
 The tyrant's pride
 Is lying low!
 His strength is broken—
 His minions flee—
 The Voice hath spoken—
 Shout, *We are free!*

—Robert Nicoll

SONG OF THE SANNYASIN.

We up the note! the song that had its birth
 Far off, where worldly taint could never reach—
 In mountain caves, and glades of forest deep,
 Whose calm no sigh for lust or wealth or fame
 Could ever dare to break, where rolled the stream
 Of knowledge, truth and bliss that follows both
 Sing high that note, Sannyasin bold! say.

‘Om Tat Sat Om’

Strike off thy fetters! Bonds that bind thee down,
 Of shining gold, or darker, baser ore,
 Love, hate—good, bad—and all the dual throng
 Know, slave is slave, caressed or whipped, not
 For fetters though of gold are not less strong to ^{free}
 Then, off with them, Sannyasin bold! say,

“Om Tat Sat Om!”

Let darkness go! The will-o-the-wisp that leads
 With blinking light-to pile more gloom on gloom.
 'This thirst for life, for-ever quench: it drags
 From birth to death, and death to birth the soul
 He conquers all who conquers self Know this
 And never yield, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

"Who sows must reap," they say, and 'Cause
 must bring
 The sure effect, good, good, bad, bad, and none
 Escape the law But whoso wears a form
 Must wear the chain" Too true, but far beyond
 Both name and form is Atman ever free
 Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

They know no truth who dream such vacant dreams
 As father, mother, children, wife and friend
 The sexless Self—whose father He? whose child?
 Whose friend, whose foe is He who is but one?
 The Self is all in all none else exists
 And thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

There is but One—The Price—The Knower—Self!
 Without a name, without a form, or stain
 In Him is Mayá, dreaming all the dream,
 The Witness, He appears as nature, soul
 Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,

"Om Tat Sat Om!"

Where seekest thou? That freedom friend this
world

Nor that can give In books and temples
Vain thy search Thine only is the hand that holds
The rope that drags thee on then cease lament
Let go thy hold Sannyasin bold! say,

'Om Tat Sat Om!

Say Peace to all From me no danger be
To aught that lives In those that dwell on high
In those that lowly creep I am the Self of all
All life both here and there do I renounce
All heavens earths and hells all hopes and fears
Thus cut thy bonds Sannyasin bold! say

Om Tat Sat Om

Heed then no more how body lives or goes
Its task is done let karma float it down
Let one put garlands on another's neck
This frame say naught No praise or blame can be
Where praiser praised and blamer blamed are one
Thus be thou calm Sannyasin bold! say,

Om Tat Sat Om!

Truth never comes where lust and fame and greed
Of gain reside No man who thinks of woman
As his wife can ever perfect be
Nor he who owns however little nor he
Whom anger chills can ever pass through Maya's
gates

So give these up Sannyasin bold! say

Om Tat Sat Om!

Have thou no home. What home can hold thee,
friend?

The sky thy roof, the grass thy bed, and food,
What chance may bring, well cooked or ill, judge
not

No food or drink can limit that noble self
Which knows itself Like rolling river, free
Thou ever be, Sannyasin bold! say,
"Om Tat Sat Om!"

Few only know the truth, the rest will hate
And laugh at thee, great one, but pay no heed
Go thou, the free, from place to place, and help
Them out of darkness, Maya's veil, without
The fear of pain or search of pleasure, go
Beyond them both, Sannyasin bold! say,
"Om Tat Sat Om!"

Thus, day by day, till Karma's powers spent
Release the soul for ever. No more is birth,
Nor I or thou, nor God or man The I
Became the all, the all is I and bliss!
Know thou art That, Sannyasin bold! say,
"Om Tat Sat Om!"

—Swami Vivekananda

ETERNAL YOUTH OF NATIONS

The Eternal Youth is shining
In the world of vernal flowers,
In all the creepers entwining,
—In fragrant forest bowers!

And, now, then let us throng
From distant climes and places,

With seeds of science and song,
—Proffered by *all* our races

Across the dividing shores,
Our inward Union, broods,
That, *all* our scars, ignores,
And sweetens our petty feuds !

An impulse to thought and action
Is Love's one precious gift !
That effects a subtle attraction
Towards our higher uplift !

The spirit that flowers in Man
Is only the Truth supreme
Which, *all* we must and can
And do but live and dream !

A splendour of deathless hopes
A wealth of unknown measure
Awaits our spirit that gropes
In search of its long-lost treasure !

This spirit is eternally playing
With smiles and loves and joys !
It sits, in silence, weighing
Earth, man, and God—its toys !

This spirit of Eternal Youth
Renews our cultures grey,
Brings dying blooms to fruit,
And the dismal night to a day !

A blossom that never fades
A beauty as fresh as Truth
A light that knows no shades
Is this—Our Eternal Youth !

—*Blanchard Keble*

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